

THE FUTURE OF THE U.N.

October 26, 1961 25¢

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THE REPORTER



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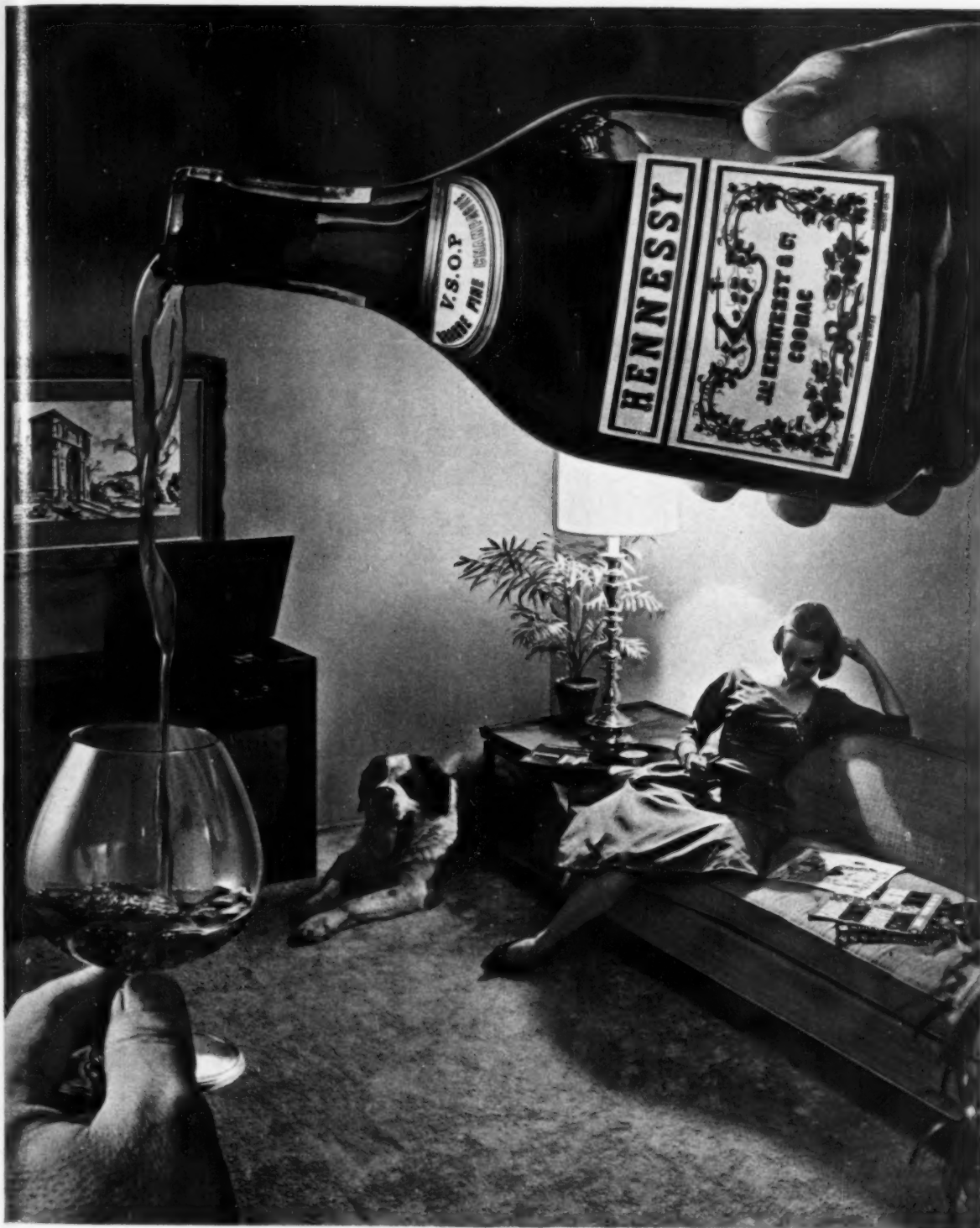
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OCTOBER 26, 1961

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 14
THE FUTURE OF THE U.N.—AN EDITORIAL Max Ascoli 21

Immigration Chaos

THE MELTING POT OF FRANCIS E. WALTER Meg Greenfield 24

At Home & Abroad

SYRIA SECEDES FROM NASSER'S EMPIRE Claire Sterling 29
DE GAULLE AND THE POLITICIANS Edmond Taylor 31
'FORWARD TO COMMUNISM!'
IN THE PARK OF CULTURE AND REST Maius Bergman 33
THE GROWING PAINS OF AFRICAN DEMOCRACY W. Arthur Lewis 35
PRINCE SIHANOUK AND THE FOUR A'S Denis Warner 39
TROUBLE ON ROUTE 40 J. Anthony Lukas 41

Views & Reviews

THE NEW WAVE AND THE OLD ROCK Michael A. Roemer 45
JUST LOOKING Marya Mannes 52
INSTANT LAUGHTER Nat Hentoff 53

Books:

THE NEW GENTILITY Kenneth S. Lynn 58
CAPONE'S CADILLAC Daniel P. Moynihan 60
THE SMALL MAN ON THE BALCONY Gouverneur Paulding 66
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 50

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Now that Dag Hammarskjöld is dead, a number of people have concluded that the U.N. has practically passed out of existence—an opinion to which our editor is radically opposed. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** says that the best way to save the U.N. is not to burden it with impossible tasks, as has been done too frequently in the past by the democratic nations—and mostly by our own.

Ever since Emma Lazarus wrote those lines about the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free" that are inscribed at the base of the Statue of Liberty, there has been a great deal of emotional but rather loose talk in this country on the subject of immigration. These days most of it centers on the McCarran-Walter Act. It would be a fine thing if our national immigration policy had been deepened and re-examined during the course of debates over the modification of the law. But as **Meg Greenfield** points out in this issue, that hasn't happened. Instead, one of the two men who created the law, Representative Francis E. Walter, has become the holder of a disturbingly large amount of personal power.

Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling**, was in Cairo at the time of Syria's sudden exit from the United Arab Republic, which keeps its name although it now unites only Egypt. . . . On October 2, President de Gaulle spoke out sardonically against the surviving politicians of the old parliamentary parties and charged them with endangering at this critical moment all the achievements the nation has made since the forming of the Fifth Republic. **Edmond Taylor**, our European correspondent, describes how such men as Mendès-France and Mollet have been reacting to the current problems of France and what they would propose as solutions for those problems. . . . **Maius Bergman** is a student of Communist theory and practice who has recently been traveling in the Soviet Union. . . . Every new independent African nation has lost an enemy: the European power that used to govern it. The presence of that enemy had channeled political popularity and power to the figure

that opposed it most effectively. He was the hero. With the departure of the colonizing power, new reasons for being considered a hero—or simply for being elected to office—must be sought. **W. Arthur Lewis** describes the unavoidable confusion that has ensued. Mr. Lewis is head of the University College of the West Indies. . . . Recently Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia complained to the *New York Times* that the American press could never for a moment forget that he liked jazz and played in jazz bands. He protested that he is a responsible statesman. **Denis Warner**, an Australian journalist, demonstrates that the prince is indeed a central and active figure in the complicated affairs of his region. . . . Route 40 north of Baltimore is an ugly road that no one drives for pleasure. It now has further cause for being called ugly: **J. Anthony Lukas**, who is on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*, tells us about the series of humiliations to which delegates from African nations—not to mention plain American citizens—have been subjected in some of the roadside restaurants on Route 40.

FILM makers in this country have been wondering why so many foreign pictures are successful here. Some, of course, make money because they are sensational; many make money simply because they are good. **Michael A. Roemer**, writing with technical knowledge and practical experience as a movie maker, lists some of the ingredients that go into the good ones. . . . **Marya Mannes** has a new book out: *The New York I Know*, with photographs by Herb Snitzer. (Lippincott). . . . **Nat Hentoff** wrote the recently published *The Jazz Life* (Dial). . . . **Kenneth S. Lynn's** *The Comic Tradition in America: An Anthology of American Humor* is now available in Anchor paperback; he is also the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor* (Little, Brown). . . . **Daniel P. Moynihan**, whose article "The Private Government of Crime" appeared in our issue of July 6, is now Special Assistant to the Secretary of Labor. . . . Our cover is by **Mozelle Thompson**.

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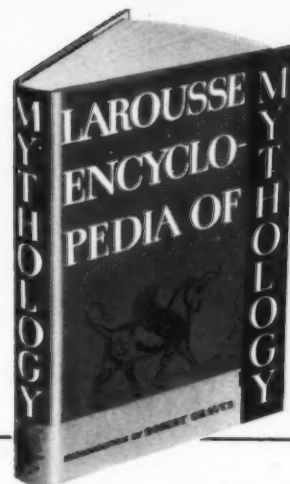
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CORRESPONDENCE

POLITICAL WARFARE

To the Editor: The ideas Edmond Taylor advocates in "Political Warfare: A Sword We Must Unsheathe" (*The Reporter*, September 14) could well be directed toward developing a more aggressive campaign to win the will of the Soviet people away from their government.

Such things as boycotts of rigged elections, one-sided newspapers, certain stores, etc., could be encouraged. This in turn would put us in a better position to negotiate.

Since our military might can be matched but our political concepts and practices of freedom have not been, the latter should be given more emphasis for export by all nonmilitary means available.

While the above program is dangerous, it is far less so than an arms race. Furthermore, this kind of approach has worked successfully in Algeria and India, Birmingham and Nashville.

JOHN R. BIRD
Stockton, California

To the Editor: I was appalled by Edmond Taylor's suggestions for revolution through limited acts of violence behind the Iron Curtain.

As a Pole and a former refugee from Eastern Europe, I find any promotion of violence in my unhappy country entirely out of place. After years of unceasing struggle against Nazi Germany and Communist Russia, between six and seven million killed mostly in and due to such commando raids and subversive sabotage as advocated by Mr. Taylor, Poland at last by her own strength is emerging from her devastation and postwar tragedy; and any return to revolutionary warfare would be simply suicidal.

The last war and its aftermath taught us Poles a painful lesson: our salvation lies not in pledges of foreign powers or in the fight of brother against brother, but in our national unity, peace, and orderly economic growth, and in coming to agreements with our neighbor Russia, which would give us more independence even at the price of a compromise.

The time since the Second World War has proved that our present policy is paying off. Abandoned helplessly in the captivity of the Eastern Colossus at the end of the war by her western Allies, Poland made her leap forward and since has gained for her people substantial personal freedom. Although little advertised in the West, the gain is far more substantial than could have been hoped for in the black year of 1945 or even procured by all the pledges of our former Allies. The process is still not finished. But I doubt whether unsheathing the sword or even

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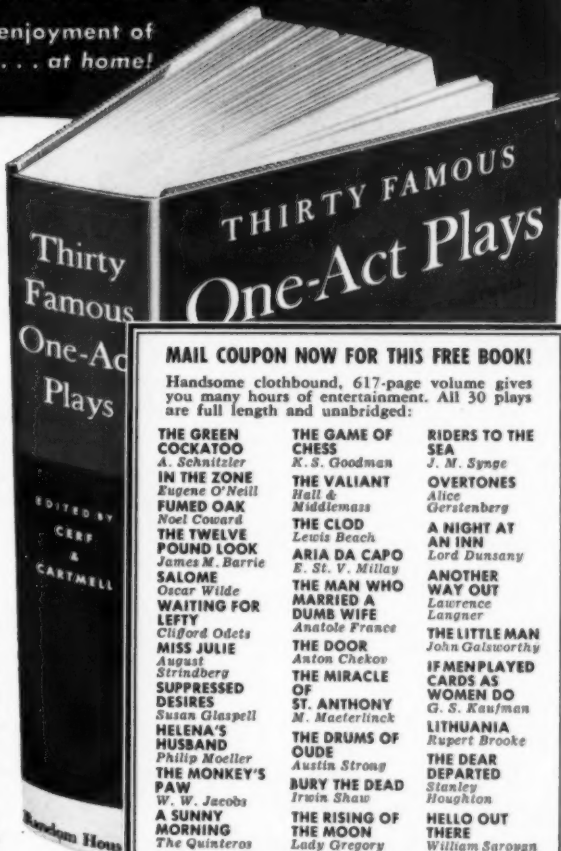
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setting off plastic bombs would help the cause of liberation.

The people behind the Iron Curtain are wary of bombs. They want to build and live. And the watchword is evolution, not revolution.

MICHAEL D. ADAMSKI
Toronto

To the Editor: As an exile from Albania, I agree with the views expressed by Edmond Taylor in his article, and I wish only to make the following observations.

The people of Central and Eastern Europe, if they were properly helped, would undoubtedly be most anxious to undertake active resistance against the Soviets and their local stooges. They must be made to feel, however, that their efforts would be in the interest of the ultimate liberation of their countries and not just a part of the defensively oriented cold-war posture of the West. Thus, before they are urged to engage again in active resistance, the free world, and particularly its leader, the United States, must convince them that their liberation is a matter of practical policy. This could be done, first, by raising the question of their enslavement in the United Nations, and secondly, and more important, at any negotiations which the West might enter with the Soviet Union.

In their negotiations with the West the Soviets have always challenged the western positions, while the western powers have never challenged the positions of the Soviet Union, even when such positions were gained in violation of international agreements. Now that the Soviet Union points out once more the "abnormal situation" in West Berlin, the West has another opportunity to point out the abnormal situation in the whole of Germany and in Soviet-enslaved Eastern Europe.

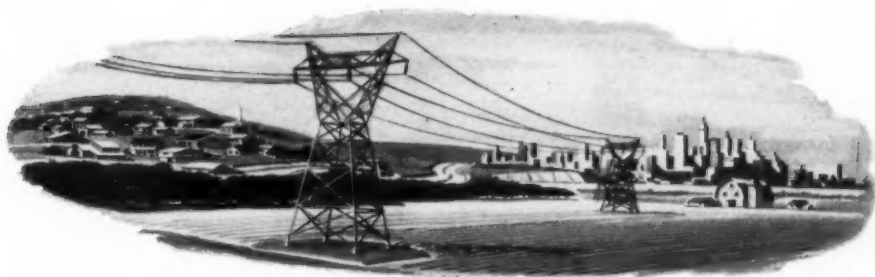
NUCI KOTTA
New York

THE HILL

To the Editor: I have read with the deepest interest the two pieces "Spotlight on the House" by Douglass Cater and "A New Role for Mr. Powell" by Paul Duke (*The Reporter*, September 28), both dealing with our co-ordinate body here—a body in which I have had the honor of serving for eight years. Both articles are not only thoughtful but especially perceptive.

Congressman Powell embodies in himself the experience and skill of a veteran legislator and eloquent congressman, and he also exemplifies the principle to which people like myself are so devoted, of equal opportunity for all Americans. His friends have certainly taken great satisfaction from his performance as chairman of so important a Congressional committee.

In "Spotlight on the House," Douglass Cater, with his customary depth of understanding, has grasped a new



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and developing character in the House of Representatives. The fact that the House is asserting itself is good. For it is this amalgam of closeness to the people by representatives who have to run for office every two years and senators representing whole states with a much longer tenure which gives our government its representative character. We do not get the full fruit of it unless both Houses are performing their roles to the hilt.

For the moment, there is a tendency in the House to overemphasize the ultraconservative side, but this is just the way the House endeavors to right what it considers to be balance. But I expect that soon the House majority will move into the main stream of American public life and realize to the full the potential of its own determination to assert its full authority as a co-ordinate branch of our national legislature.

JACOB K. JAVITS
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

MEXICO

To the Editor: While I enjoyed reading Gladys Delmas's "Mexico: The Middle-Aged Revolution" (*The Reporter*, September 28) and agreed with much of it, I object to her statement that "... the Mexican position is noticeably more benevolent toward Cuba than toward ourselves. Mexico has explicitly identified itself with the ideals of the Cuban revolution... But it has had nothing to say on the way those ideals have been put into practice. Furthermore it has effectively barred most anti-Castro refugees..."

Item: Sr. López Mateos was one of the few Latin-American presidents officially to ask clemency of Castro for the prisoners captured in the April invasion.

Item: Although former President Lázaro Cárdenas publicly had announced that he was going to Havana to lend moral support to Castro after the invasion, he was not permitted to make this trip. Demagogically Cárdenas blamed this on "the American owned or influenced commercial airlines." But it was an open secret that the Mexican government had forbidden his flight.

Item: Refugees from Cuba have arrived in Mexico by sea and air and have been hospitably received. Members of the Cuban embassy in Mexico have asked and been granted political asylum. I personally have talked with a number of these people.

For these and a number of other reasons I could muster if there were time and space, I believe your correspondent's description of Mexican-Cuban relations was, unintentionally, misleading.

BUDD SCHULBERG
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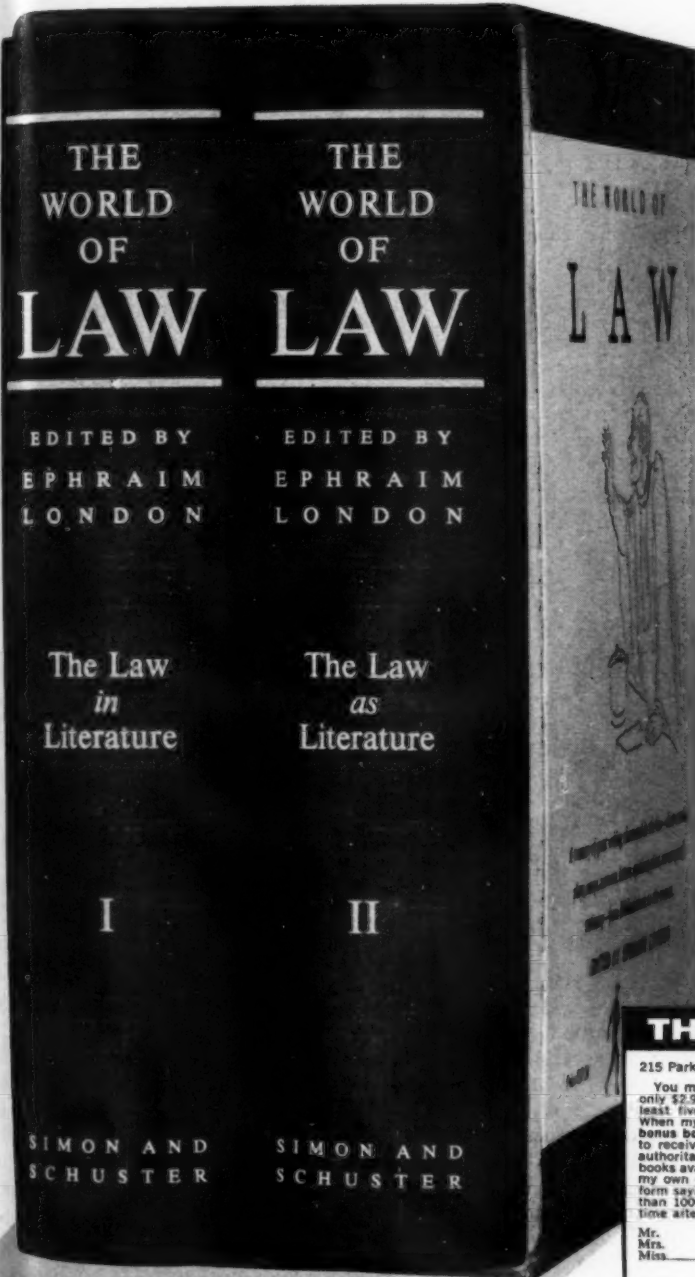
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

New York's Next Mayor

Forgive us if we just cannot bring ourselves yet to indicate our choice for mayor of New York City. The issues are just too complex. We are not referring to such lesser matters as housing, schools, transit, or police protection—the promises of the candidates to do more for less seem about equal to us, although on the police-protection issue we think the Republicans have the edge with their campaign ditty “You’ll be safe in the park /Any time after dark/ With Lefkowitz, Gilhooley, and Fino.”

But the real issue of this campaign, according to the candidates, is that of political morality; and it is here that we find the complexities too overwhelming for choice. “If the moral question reaches your heart, as it does mine,” candidate Lefkowitz has said, then it is time to vote the Democrats out of City Hall. But is it not true, Mayor Wagner has demanded, that under his own fearless leadership the Democrats have just fought themselves free of bossism, while the Republican candidate is simply the product of a smoke-filled room? Even the less favored candidates have staked out claims to a share in Absolute Goodness—Lawrence Gerosa has gone so far as to attack the city Board of Ethics for being unethical, and Vito Battista has announced that he would “rather be right than be mayor,” although at the moment he does not show much promise of being either.

Too many fine moral questions are being raised daily. The mayor, the Republicans claim, should not have attended a luncheon at which contractors who do business with the city were publicly solicited for contributions to his political campaign. But the Republicans, the mayor retorts, accepted advertising in their yearbook from persons who did business with the state. Well, comes the reply, the Democrats accepted ad-

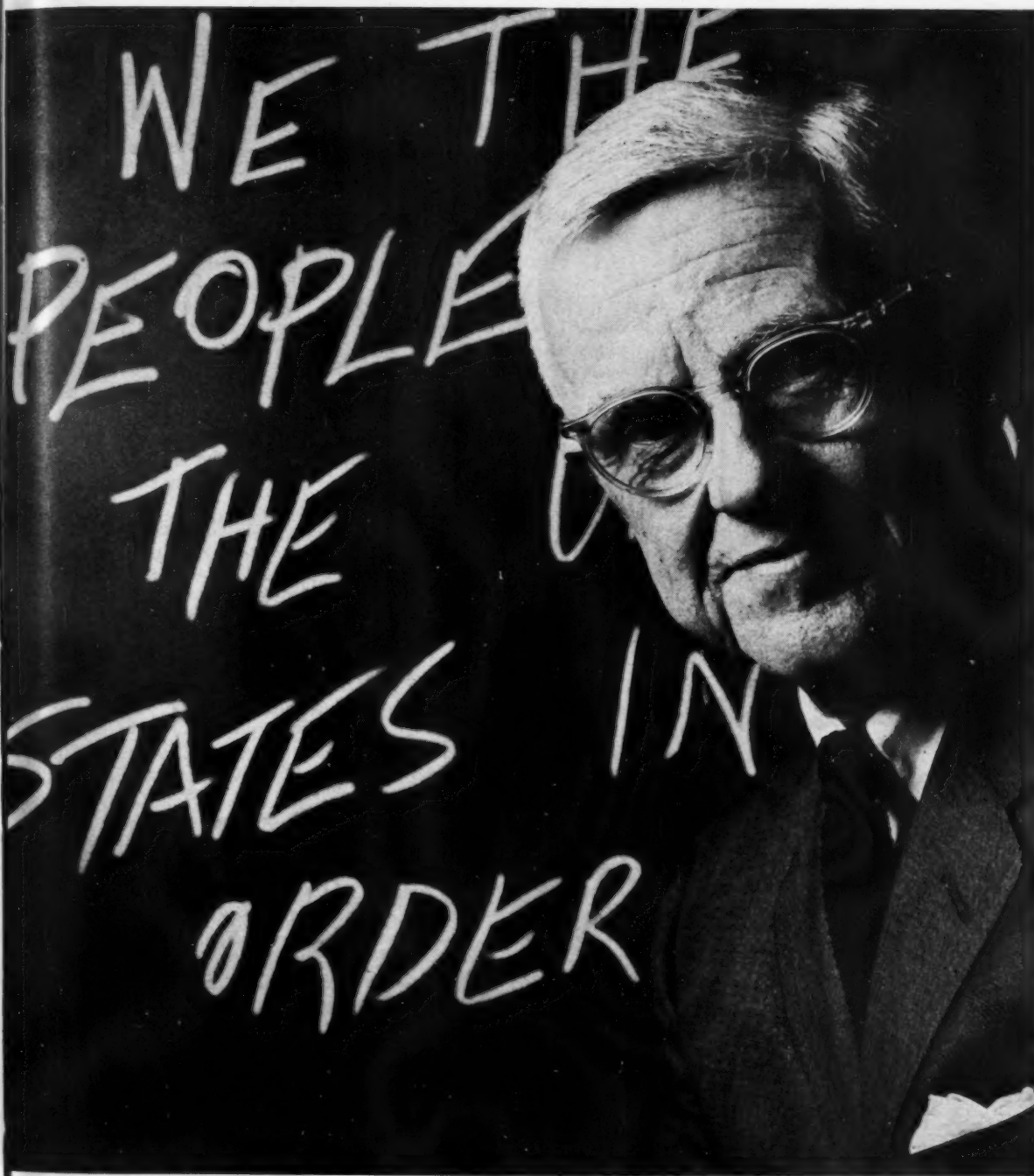
vertising from some of the same people. Since the Republicans and not the Democrats are in office at Albany, however, is it not worse for the Republicans to have done so? But if it is worse, is it any worse than Mayor Wagner's having gone to that luncheon in the first place? “I did not know what type of luncheon I was going to,” the mayor explained. And besides, after all that fuss over the Gracie Mansion food bills not long ago, was the mayor not under a moral mandate from the people to accept all the free luncheon invitations that came his way?

Since we have been unable to reach a firm decision on the basis of either city issues or moral superiority, we are pleased that at last international affairs have been injected into the campaign. According to a headline in the *Times*, the Republican candidate for president of the City Council “Challenges Wagner on China; Asks if Mayor Would Admit Reds to United Nations.” Offhand, we can't recall any clause in the city charter that grants the mayor authority to do so, but it is the kind of issue we like to think about. If we reach any conclusions before the election, we'll let you know.

The Facts of Life

One of the concessions we could make in negotiating the Berlin impasse, it has been suggested, would be to recognize formally the Polish-East German boundary set by the Oder-Neisse line. The line is a “political fact of life,” the argument runs, and we could give the East satisfaction without any loss on our part if we accept the line as a permanent frontier.

Irrespective of the merits of this suggestion, it may be useful to recall how this line was drawn. The decision was made at the Yalta Conference among Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin in February, 1945. It was restated in August of the same year



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tinguished scholar of government, Dr. Peter N. Odegard of the University of California at Berkeley. A dramatically successful experiment in educational television, Continental Classroom fills a special niche in the roster of NBC programs, a roster which offers a broad range of informational services — from documentaries-in-depth on major issues and events to daily news reports; from "David Brinkley's Journal" and Frank McGee's "Here and Now" to "Update" and "1, 2, 3, Go"; from "Meet the Press" to "Chet Huntley Reporting" — and which enchants millions of families through week after week with the most diversified entertainment schedule available anywhere.

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at the Potsdam Conference in a protocol entitled "Concerning the Western Frontier of Poland," which stated:

"The three Heads of Government agree that, pending the final determination of Poland's western frontier, the former German territories east of a line running from the Baltic Sea immediately west of Swinemünde, and thence along the Oder River to the confluence of the western Neisse River and along the western Neisse to the Czechoslovak frontier, including that portion of East Prussia not placed under the administration of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in accordance with the understanding reached at this conference and including the area of the former free city of Danzig, shall be under the administration of the Polish State and for such purposes should not be considered as part of the Soviet zone of occupation in Germany."

The agreement reaffirmed that "the final delimitation of the western frontier of Poland should await the peace settlement," and this provisional status of the Oder-Neisse line was emphasized by President Truman on his return from Potsdam. "Final determination of the borders... must await the peace settlement," he reported to the American people on August 9, 1945. "However, a considerable portion of what was the Russian zone of occupation in Germany was turned over to Poland at the Berlin conference for administrative purposes until the final determination of the peace settlement."

THE YEARS that have gone by without a German peace treaty have enabled Poland to translate "administrative purposes" into a possession that, as we all know, is nine-tenths of the law and to proclaim that the present boundary is justified by ancient right. This point, as a matter of fact, was discussed by Roosevelt and Molotov at Yalta in a somewhat facetious exchange recorded in Charles Bohlen's minutes:

"Mr. Molotov said he had one suggestion and that was to add to the second sentence, 'with the return to Poland of her ancient frontiers in East Prussia and on the Oder.' The President inquired how long ago these lands had been Polish. Mr.

Molotov said very long ago, but they had in fact been Polish. The President said this might lead the British to ask for the return of the United States to Great Britain."

There is something of a mystery about how the Neisse part of the boundary was drawn. At Yalta the three Allies had agreed that "Poland must receive substantial accessions of territory in the north and west," but both Churchill and Roosevelt on several occasions had explicitly opposed Stalin's and Molotov's suggestion that the western Neisse become the boundary. There are two rivers called Neisse, an eastern one and a western one, and an area of some eight thousand square miles lies between them. The position Roosevelt and Churchill had taken on the western Neisse at Yalta was abandoned by Truman and British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin at Potsdam. There has been a good deal of speculation about what caused the change. Admiral William D. Leahy, in his book *I Was There*, contends that Bevin "was not familiar with the map of Poland." In the last volume of his history of the Second World War, Churchill too refers to the confusion that existed over the two rivers during the negotiations.

THE LINE that was finally agreed on moved the Polish frontier 150 miles westward and added about 61,000 square miles to the country, compensating the Poles to some extent for the 71,000 square miles Russia had annexed from eastern Poland. Three million Poles were displaced by the Russian annexation, and the Warsaw government has sought to resettle as many of them as possible in the territories gained from Germany. The resettlement program has been only partially successful.

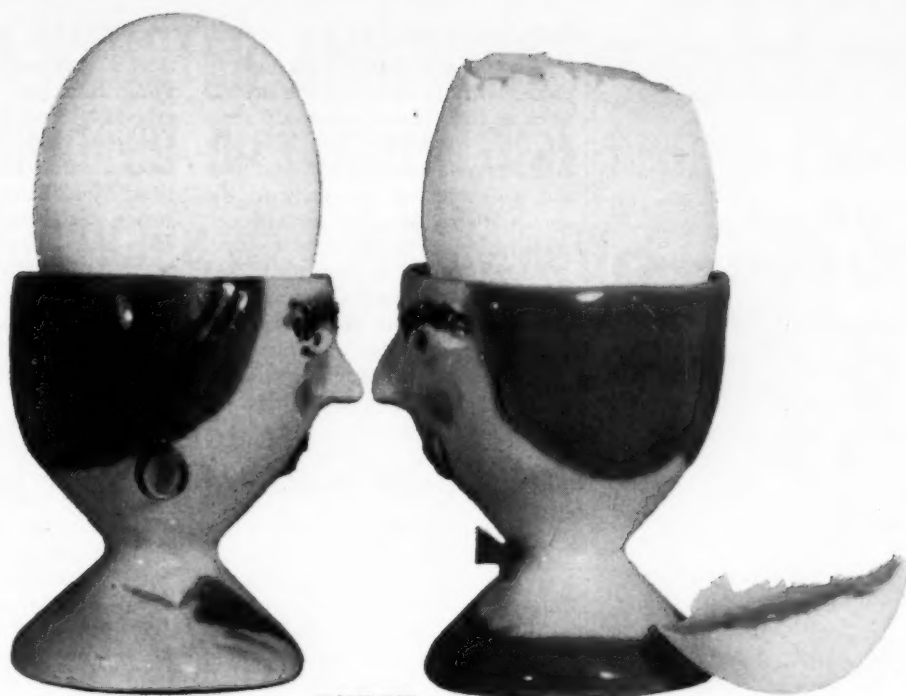
Before 1939 the lands in Silesia, Pomerania, and East Prussia now incorporated into Poland were populated by some ten million persons. Two million fled from the advancing Russian armies, the Poles expelled six million, and only two million, most of them Poles or Germans of Polish origin, remained. Today, resettlement has brought the population up to about half the 1939 figure. The farms that once supplied Europe with potatoes have, accord-

You know
time, no
escape it
through
You break
say, whe
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Gentlemen
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ing to German sources, declined in productivity to one-third the prewar level, or have been turned into grazing land. Journalists who have visited the area describe ghost towns and a feeling of insecurity in the new settlers. It is an underdeveloped region in the heart of Europe.

To the Polish farmers, displaced so often in the long, bitter history of Polish partitions, the land inside the Oder-Neisse line may be theirs as a "political fact of life," but they are not sure it is a good place to put down roots.

The Unhappy Mr. Randolph

The council of the AFL-CIO has just finished its last meeting before the December convention. With great enthusiasm it voted 24 to 2 to take in any local unions that break away from the Teamsters, and suggested that if an "era of headbusting" resulted, it would be the aggressive Mr. Hoffa's fault.

Having thus disposed of the enemy without, the council produced as sharp a performance as has been seen since the ceremony four years ago that drummed out Jimmy Hoffa. "Falsel" "Unfair!" "Untrue!" "Incred-

ible!" screamed the council at A. Philip Randolph, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who last June had detailed charges of discrimination and segregation practiced by affiliates and had asked for strong penalties, even expulsion, if such practices were not cleaned up by a target date.

Mr. Randolph, the council clearly felt, was responsible for "the gap that has developed between organized labor and the Negro community." "We can only get moving on civil rights," President Meany explained, "if he comes over to our side and stops throwing bricks at us."

The post of chairman of the AFL-CIO Committee on Civil Rights has been vacant for several months. "No one is volunteering for the job these days," Mr. Meany said plaintively. "We lost our last chairman because he got tired of being hit over the head."

The council then was offered a more soothing approach to the problem than Mr. Randolph's "punitive" measure. "It is obvious that expulsion as such does not cure the offending practices," the report stated calmly. "And, what is most important, once outside the federation,

the membership of such an organization is no longer accessible to corrective influences from the parent body through education and persuasion." This only made matters worse, because someone had to ask if it applied to the Teamsters.

"It does not, it does not, it does not," Mr. Meany replied, bobbing furiously. "I do not equate the problem of racial discrimination with the problem of corruption any more than I equate Hungary with Little Rock."

The real trouble, of course, is that Mr. Randolph has "gotten close to these militant groups," as Mr. Meany puts it, and obviously that won't do.

LAST RESORT

"Lancelot, the ocelot who was evicted from his home, in a Princeton University dormitory, has a new home today."—The New York Times

How pitiful the comic spirit
Which finds no element to cheer it
Except the news, too soon forgot,
Of Lancelot the ocelot.

To Princeton, not to Camelot,
Came Lancelot the ocelot,
Whereon his master did deposit
Said animal within his closet.

But cruel overseers there
Decreed that he remove elsewhere:
No campus for an ocelot,
However learned Lancelot.

Whereto his master smote his breast
And all of us were sore oppressed
Until they found a lovely spot
For Lancelot the ocelot.

—SEC

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The Future of the U.N.

THE TIME for sustained rethinking of the U.N. is now, when the earth is not yet hardened on Dag Hammarskjöld's grave. What is being written these days by well-meaning writers still under the shock of the Secretary-General's death might lead one to conclude that the U.N. died with Hammarskjöld. This present world is not ready for the kind of man Hammarskjöld was, it has been said. The intention of these lamentations may be of the best, but it is doubtful whether by declaring Hammarskjöld a misfit one honors his memory—or the truth. The irreconcilable division between East and West which, it is said, doomed him was all too obvious at San Francisco, at a time when most of us had not the faintest notion where Katanga was.

The U.N. is today what it has been since its beginning, only more so: a many-layered center of international intrigues and of countless, unrelenting efforts to relieve human suffering; an object of starry-eyed gushiness and of cheap cynicism; the place where men and women utterly dedicated to goodness meet Krishna Menon.

It was at the U.N. and because of the opportunities afforded him by his responsibilities toward the organization that Dag Hammarskjöld reached the full measure of himself. To say that there will never again be anybody like him is a reverential, pious truism. He was not the kind of man who could quietly agree to be considered as a noble freak of history. There was nothing accidental about him or his conduct in office from beginning to end.

Those who had the privilege of being his friends have now the obligation to search for the causes of his undoing, a search to be conducted with full awareness of the difference between cause and occasion. No man I have ever met was endowed with a surer instinct for quickly grasping the causes of the events in whose midst he found himself. I was a friend of Dag Hammarskjöld's and, as a friend of his, I came to know how, at a crucial moment of his career, he had a very definite perception of what one day might cause his undoing. I make public what he confided to me with a full aware-

ness of the responsibility I am assuming. This is the way I choose to honor my friend.

It happened in November, 1956, in the days of the Suez crisis. At the time of Eisenhower's triumphal reelection, the United States had joined Russia in condemning the Israeli-Anglo-French invasion of Egypt, and Hammarskjöld was authorized to organize the U.N. Emergency Force. In mid-November, I wrote an editorial, "The Price of Peacemongering." Two weeks later, I received a letter from Dag Hammarskjöld commenting on that editorial. The relevant parts of the editorial and of the letter follow.

'The Price of Peacemongering'

"No sooner had the people restated their belief in the paternal, charismatic leadership of Dwight D. Eisenhower than the President himself gave new evidence of his inclination to delegate his leadership—charisma and all—to somebody else. The beneficiary this time happens to be not a member of the team but Dag Hammarskjöld.

"The cause of peace has no more resourceful and dedicated servant than this Swedish intellectual. But the appallingly difficult tasks he has assumed can be made thoroughly hopeless if the major democratic nation passes on to him the burden of its most crucial decisions. This kind of lazy overconfidence can destroy not only Dag Hammarskjöld but the organization of which he is the head. Our government foredooms Dag Hammarskjöld to failure or ridicule by attributing to him unlimited capacity to fix universal troubles, and it smothers the U.N. by massive reliance on it.

"The President and the administration spokesmen scarcely let a single day go by without stating emphatically that our foreign policy has no other theater of operations than the U.N., and that all our major diplomatic decisions must be subjected to the test of a vote in the General Assembly. Our nation's diplomacy is decided according to the returns of that lottery.

"This newest and certainly most dangerous among the

pious infatuations of the administration makes it imperative that a hard look be taken at the U.N. At present, and indeed ever since its founding, the U.N. has worked through power blocs. The Communist and Asian-African blocs are there for all to see. Until a short time ago, there was also the bloc of the Atlantic Alliance. But now, if we are to believe our President, we have no closer relative than mankind at large. He was quite blunt about it: Let's first get this Middle Eastern thing settled, and later we can bother about our own alliance.

"This conglomeration of power blocs called the U.N. has become the focal point of the international community, where the rules of international behavior are reflected and registered. Some day, it is to be hoped, these rules may be codified. Some day they might even be made compelling by some superior international force. That day—the ultimate goal of the United Nations—lies in a future so dim as to be thoroughly unfathomable.

"In the world in which we live, the rules of international behavior are only very seldom, if at all, produced by resolutions of the General Assembly. These rules are established by precedent-setting, normative facts. The norm prevailing now in these tragic weeks of Middle Eastern turmoil and Hungarian butchery is determined by the fact of Moscow's might. Washington has zealously adopted the policy of no force, while Moscow uses force, or the threat of force, whenever it feels that there is no danger of retaliation on our part. Our government has made it clear that it is ready to retaliate—instantly—but only in a massive way. For such a little thing as the Hungarian revolt, with which our liberation policy may have had something to do, our government has found no other way of retaliating than by presenting resolutions in the U.N. General Assembly."

Hammaraskjöld's Letter

"Let me send you a line thanking you for finally saying a thing that should have been said long before. I refer to the first paragraphs of your editorial, 29 November, and the warning against overburdening the United Nations and my office.

"It is one thing that, in the vacuum which suddenly developed in the Suez crisis, I had, for what it was worth, to throw in everything I had to try to tide us over; it was one of those irrational and extremely dangerous situations in which only something as irrational on a different level could break the spell. But it is an entirely different thing, every time the big powers run into a deadlock, to place the problem in the Secretary-General's hands with the somewhat naive expectation that he can continue to turn up with something. It is a matter of course that a continued use of the office of the Secretary-General in that way sooner or later leads

to a point where he must break his neck, politically. If, as in the Suez situation, the very facts, as established by the policy of the various big powers, force the Secretary-General into a key-role, I am perfectly willing to risk being a political casualty if there is an outside chance of achieving positive results. But if the Secretary-General is forced into a similar role through sheer escapism from those who should carry the responsibility, there is place for a solid warning. Politically, the Secretary-General should be, and is, most expendable, but he should not be expended just because somebody does not want to produce his own money.

"Of course, this is all obvious to you, but I wished all the same both to thank you and to clarify how I look at the matter."

THE KENNEDY administration, not averse to sloganeering, has let us know on a large number of occasions that it considers the U.N. "the cornerstone of American foreign policy," indeed, as Adlai Stevenson put it, "the center and principal forum of our foreign relations." These noble sentiments could be tolerable as youthful outbursts of a pro-U.N. gushiness in a still fairly new ruling team. But the record so far seems to indicate that these tired slogans actually guide the thinking and the actions of the most authoritative agents of our foreign policy. Up to the present, at least, our nation has not behaved at the U.N. as the leader of a coalition: it has not used the U.N. for the deployment of its alliances, nor has it managed to compose some of the difficulties between and within allied nations before they exploded into the open. In actual truth, there has been no West at the U.N., no bloc of nations led by us to counteract the eastern bloc. The Secretary-General, who was already off balance at the end of the Eisenhower administration, was further exposed to Communist attacks and forced to find his constituency among neutrals. He became negotiable.

True, the administration has done to itself what it did to Hammaraskjöld: by checking the leadership of the alliance in the U.N. coatroom, it has made itself an easier target for ever-mounting Communist enmity, and it has never failed to seek its support among the neutrals. In his speech at the U.N. the President enlisted our country in the ranks of the developing (formerly underdeveloped) countries when he said: "My nation was once a colony, and we know what colonialism means: the exploitation and subjugation of the weak by the powerful, of the many by the few, of the governed who have given no consent to be governed, whatever their continent, their class or their color." Certainly that was an unprecedentedly sharp indictment of George III, and it may be legitimate to doubt, with all due respect, whether the issues of class or color played any role in the movement of national liberation hitherto called the American Revolution.

Yet there is no reason to be too hard on the Kennedy

administration: it just continues in a more brassy and perhaps more confused fashion the policies of the preceding one toward the U.N., the allies, and the neutrals. There is talk now that the latest and gravest instance of big-power deadlock, the Berlin issue, may be brought to the U.N., and that the U.N. may be brought to Berlin. This similarity of attitude on the part of two successive administrations, one Republican and one Democratic, toward the U.N. is perhaps indicative of a peculiar trait of the American character—a streak of uplifting universalism that was already there when the nation was born, anxious to give evidence of its decent respect for the opinions of mankind.

From the time the U.N. came into existence, and the fatal mistake was made of shedding the "O" from its initials, thereby causing any number of Freudian slips between U.N. and U.S.—from that time it has been very difficult for the leaders of our country, irrespective of party, to orient themselves toward and within the world organization. Maybe it has been the same for our people as a whole. We seem to find it difficult to realize that we are not the U.N., and not mankind, though we happen to be quite a substantial hunk of both; and that we are not, let's say, Upper Volta either, though in a strictly legal sense, according to the principle of "one nation, one vote," we are its equal. Be that as it may, a queer combination of humility and arrogance, a lack of poise, has been obvious in our delegations' behavior at the U.N. and particularly hurtful there.

Although the highest concepts of free western institutions and democratic rights are to be found in the Charter, most of the member nations of the U.N. are far from free. But all these unquestionably true concepts are nullified, and the institution itself is reduced to a mockery if the major power of the West fails to lead the coalition of the nations that, by and large, strive to practice the principles of the Charter and aim at reaching a free and peaceful world order. This is why the U.N. is so important to us, just as it is important for us to have the U.N. in our midst: it can give us the urge to outgrow the self-consciousness of our too recently acquired might; it can even lead us to abandon the tendency to consider ourselves as a somewhat overgrown, politically underdeveloped former colony. The best we can do for the U.N. and at the U.N. is to be ourselves: the greatest power and the leader of the West. It is there that in closest possible co-operation with our allies we must act according to those western interests and concepts which bind us to so many nations, some of which—like Japan, for instance—are far removed from what is geographically called the West.

There never would have been a Suez crisis dumped on the U.N. and then the U.N. Emergency Force and all that followed if our administration at the time had not given those of our allies most concerned with the Canal the irrefutable evidence that they had been misled. There never would have been a Congo

crisis and another United Nations Force plus the countless tribulations Hammarskjöld had to undergo if, well before the Belgian withdrawal, the West and above all our government had realized that the prevention of chaos there and the coming into being of a free and independent Congo were above all a western responsibility.

MORE THAN EVER there are major functions for the U.N.—not only debating functions but also activities that are of an executive nature, as Hammarskjöld put it in the introduction to his last report. It must be noticed, however, that in defining the "executive concept" shared by a number of U.N. members, he wrote that it was based on a conception of the organization primarily as a "dynamic instrument of Governments." Never at any time during his tenure of office did Dag Hammarskjöld stop being out of sympathy with one-worldism or world government. He put it perhaps most forcibly in his introduction to the 1957 report, written after the Suez crisis: "The events of the past year have, I believe, cast a clearer light upon the role of the United Nations in these times. The Charter, read as a whole, does not endow the United Nations with any of the attributes of a super-State or of a body active outside the framework of decisions of Member Governments. The United Nations is, rather, an instrument for negotiation among, and to some extent for, Governments."

Never departing from these principles, Hammarskjöld never stopped pursuing, with utter dedication and infinite resourcefulness, the building of what he liked to call a common law of nations. There never was an action that he considered too minute for him to undertake provided it constituted a precedent that could reduce the causes of international friction or, as he used to say, remove the fuze from dangerous bombs lying around. He knew how to weigh the specific normative value of each one of his actions, and he was never discouraged by the knowledge that the major international conflicts were not yet for him to tackle. Above all, he knew that he and his institution could never be the receiver for big-power bankruptcies without running the risk of jeopardizing his organization's survival. Yet he did act as a receiver on several occasions when there was no one else who could or would do the job, for in his quiet way he was an extraordinarily brave man. But he never deceived himself.

THE WORK he has done so well, the laying down of precedents for a common law of nations, can be continued, irrespective of who his temporary successor, if any, may be. His work will be continued. What a good man has done in the full light of history never goes to waste. It always arouses ingenuity and goodness in other men. Allowing for all differences, there will be other Dags. As far as this nation is concerned, the best it can do for them is to avoid making them expendable.

The Melting Pot

Of Francis E. Walter

MEG GREENFIELD

WASHINGTON
ON SEPTEMBER 15, when the Senate was about to vote on a catchall immigration bill that had just been agreed to by a Senate-House conference, Senator John Pastore (D., Rhode Island) declared ruefully that although he would "never be satisfied until there is a real liberalization of the immigration laws," he was "perfectly willing to make the sacrifice of taking half a loaf." Kenneth B. Keating (R., New York) recorded anger as well as sorrow, prefacing his vote with a bitter attack on the manner in which the collection of amendments and special measures under consideration had found its way to the floor. And Jacob Javits (R., New York) simply refused to vote for the bill at all.

If the brief Senatorial outburst failed to attract much attention, it was probably because it was little more than a re-enactment of every debate that has taken place on the subject of immigration since the McCarran-Walter Act became law in 1952.

From the first major bill modifying the act, which President Eisenhower signed with "disappointment" in 1957—and for which such a staunch revisionist as Arthur Watkins of Utah voted on the usual ground that "half a loaf or a quarter of a loaf is better than none"—through the limited 1960 authorization for United States participation in the World Refugee Year—which Everett Dirksen of Illinois supported only because "If I cannot get a whole loaf, I will get what bread I can"—Congressional expressions of chagrin and complaints about parliamentary hanky-panky have gradually taken on the same ceremonial quality as the numerous proposals

that are made in every session to abolish what is usually referred to as the "iniquitous national-origins system" on which the law is based—proposals that have a way of disappearing into committee never to be heard of again.

THE PLATFORMS of both political parties contain stirring commitments to revise the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, but for a variety of reasons Congress invariably finds itself settling, more or less unhappily, for half a loaf or even less. For one thing, while Congress hears a good deal from a wide variety of national and religious groups that are keenly interested in certain specific provisions of the law, pressure from those who took up the issue solely as a matter of principle in the 1950's has all but disappeared. Indignation over the discriminatory features of the law can be roused only briefly at quadrennial political conventions or when the Immigration Service brings off one of its more spectacular deportations.

Without any sort of unified popular support, the drive to overhaul the act has thus been reduced to a ritual of argument without hope, often expressed in the very same words that were used by the very same people to deplore the bill when it was pending before Congress ten years ago. Although they have had ample opportunity to observe the way the statute operates, many congressmen continue to inveigh against misfortunes and injustices that theoretically could occur under its provisions while ignoring those which actually have occurred. One congressman I visited who occupies a prominent position in the ranks of those who want to liberalize the law

declined to answer any questions as to how he hoped to see his new bill through Congress. Instead he read to me from some cards he had prepared for a television appearance. Under the McCarran-Walter Act, he said, Arthur Goldberg's grandfather, Douglas Dillon's grandfather, Barry Goldwater's grandfather, and John F. Kennedy's grandfather probably couldn't have come to America. Puzzled by his last example, I asked if it were not true that the Irish quota had consistently been undersubscribed. He replied that as a matter of fact it was, carefully crossed the President's name from his card, keeping the rest intact for his speaking engagement. Even with the benefit of accuracy, this sort of argument seems somewhat irrelevant in 1961, more of a debating point than a policy—and not a very persuasive one at that.

The Man in Charge

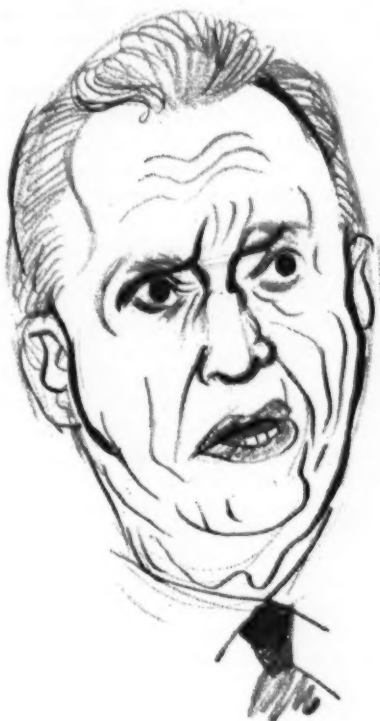
Since even the impassioned debate of 1952 could not prevent the passage of the McCarran-Walter Act over President Truman's veto, it is hardly surprising that the same debating points made today still fail to impress the bill's co-author, Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania), whose many duties include the chairmanship of the House Un-American Activities Committee. And it is Walter's opposition, more than any other factor, that has prevented any substantive revision of the act. During an interview not long ago, I asked Walter why he opposed a measure that has often been introduced for pooling and redistributing unused quota numbers. Under the present law, more than two-thirds of our total immigration quota—156,000 a year—is allotted to three

Northern European nations while the remainder is divided among some eighty others. The British quota, for example, is regularly undersubscribed, but the unused places—about forty thousand each year—cannot be taken by immigrants from countries such as India or Greece that have very small quota allotments and very long waiting lists. At one point Walter contended that redistribution on the basis some had suggested would not work out fairly, and the Greeks might take umbrage because the Italians would benefit more than they. At another point he seemed worried about a possible "influx of Orientals." The Founding Fathers, he explained, had in mind that we should assimilate immigrants, but we couldn't assimilate a large number of Orientals because "They don't look like we do." He assured me that he did not mean to imply that we are any better—just different.

Although Walter's arguments may strike some as even less compelling than those of his opponents, he is fully aware of the unimportance of argument in accomplishing his aims. The victories he has won in the field of immigration during the past ten years have proceeded from the fact that he has habitually outsmarted and outmaneuvered his critics in Congress. In the process he has managed to become not only the act's co-author but its interpreter, and in many respects—despite the formal prerogatives enjoyed by the executive branch—its administrator. The man in charge of immigration in this country is, and has been for some time, Francis E. Walter.

ACCORDING to Walter, the chairmanship of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Immigration and Nationality was more or less "dumped" on him in the late 1940's, and he claims that neither he nor the late Pat McCarran, who was given the corresponding job in the Senate, was very pleased about it. Whether or not he wanted the responsibility at the time, Walter obviously relishes it now and enjoys unflinching support from the four other members of his subcommittee. In the Senate the present chairman of the Immigration and Nationality subcommittee is James O. Eastland of Mississippi, and

it is a source of chronic frustration on the Senate floor that conferees appointed from the two subcommittees to work out differences between House and Senate legislation almost invariably produce a compromise that retains the features suggested by Walter and ratified by the House but somehow omits those added on the floor of the Senate. This year, when it appeared that the Walter subcommittee would have to go into conference with representatives of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee over their differences on a bill authorizing funds for international



refugee-resettlement programs, what could have been a difficult problem was solved when Walter neglected to call for the appointment of any conferees at all—and no further action was taken on the bill.

Walter has never shown any reluctance to use the great powers of political leverage that are available to him as chairman of the subcommittee. For example, private bills introduced by individual congressmen for relief in hardship cases have to go through the subcommittee. Furthermore, the subcommittee functions as a watchdog over the

Immigration and Naturalization Service. In the words of a New York congressman, "Walter can make life just plain unlivable for the Service—and in the past he has." Although Walter was said to have been unhappy with Commissioner Joseph M. Swing's independent attitude toward Congress and somewhat embarrassed by his overzealous application of the law in the early years of the Eisenhower administration, the two men work very closely now. Apparently Walter was sufficiently satisfied with General Swing's performance to prevail upon President Kennedy to retain him, although Walter claims to be as surprised as everyone else that Swing is still in office, since his retention was understood to be a six-month affair. "That's what I thought when I got the President to keep him on," Walter says. "I think maybe Bob Kennedy married him."

IF HIS SENIORITY in Congress and his chairmanship of the subcommittee seem to his opponents to give Walter an unfair advantage, they would have to concede that his two most effective weapons—a superior knowledge of the technicalities of the law and an unparalleled caniness in parliamentary maneuver—are products of his own talent and determination. Half the time, it is safe to say, his colleagues are not quite sure what it is Walter is introducing or repealing or amending. Complaints about the difficulty of the act began to be heard even before it had been passed into law when one congressman whom Walter chided in the course of debate for not knowing what he was talking about explained that he hadn't read the committee report because it was "about as long as *Gone With the Wind*."

The opposition still has not approached Walter's mastery of the intricacies of the act, but it has at least become somewhat wary of his proposals. Last April when Walter announced, in what seemed to be a turnabout, that he himself had introduced a measure to permit the pooling and redistribution of unused quota numbers for reuniting families, the voluntary private agencies that are concerned with specific groups of prospective immigrants withheld their glee until they had

worked out the complicated arithmetic of the bill. Analysis showed that out of some fifty-one thousand places that had not been used in the preceding year, only sixteen thousand could have been utilized under Walter's proposal. Italy, for example, with 138,000 applicants in the affected categories, would have been granted five thousand places.

Another of Walter's Trojan-horse propositions, HR 192, permitted a relaxation of restrictions that had prevented certain tubercular aliens from joining their families in this country; but many of those who were initially pleased by Walter's making permanent a provision which had been in force temporarily overlooked the fact that other provisions of HR 192 reversed several Supreme Court decisions affecting the rights of naturalized citizens.

How the Orphans Were Ransomed

Setting the Court straight has become something of a habit with Walter. The controversial Judicial Review bill that has just been enacted, for example, constitutes a setting aside of a Court decision concerning an alien's right of appeal from a deportation order. Its principal effect is to make court reviews more difficult and more costly by cutting down the number of courts and shortening the period of time in which an alien can have a deportation order reviewed.

The way Walter got the Judicial Review bill through both houses in this session offers a typical example of his skill. Once again he was able to offer the tantalizing with the unpalatable in precisely that proportion which made it impossible for his frustrated opponents to vote against the bill, deplore it as they might. Early in the session Walter introduced two bills that were both referred back to his committee. One was the Judicial Review bill, which could be counted on to meet heavy opposition in the Senate. The other, which incorporated the Judicial Review bill, also contained several modifications of the law, such as making permanent the four-year-old measure permitting certain orphans to be brought into the country for adoption despite quota restrictions. Only the Judicial Review bill was reported out of Walter's committee,

however, and on July 10 was passed by the House and sent over to the Senate to take its anticipated drubbing.

The following day Walter entered in the *Congressional Record* a letter he had written to the Attorney General along with a reply from Deputy Attorney General Byron White. Although Walter himself had already introduced orphan legislation, he now informed the Attorney General that he had thought better of it. "You are of course aware," he wrote, "that the law expires on June 30, 1961. . . . our conclusion was not to recommend to the House at this time legislation which would continue the above-cited law." White replied that his department strongly endorsed the bill, but "in view of the statements in your letter . . . it appears unlikely that this or similar legislation in the alien orphan field will be passed in this session . . ." Congressmen and agency officials who have made it their business to interpret Walter's every public statement immediately understood the nature of the proposition. Recognizing that the Judicial Review bill seemed to be the price of any other immigration legislation this year, Senator Keating nonetheless led a daring attempt to hold up that bill in Senate committee and send another orphan bill back to the House. According to an immigration lawyer who followed the developments carefully, Walter "was waiting for the Senate bill like a cat outside a mousehole." When the Senate's orphan bill did emerge from Walter's subcommittee and from conference, it included the Judicial Review bill as an amendment. It also included a stopgap measure enabling some eighteen thousand relatives of American citizens and resident aliens to join their families here without further delay and just enough other sweeteners to produce the telegrams Walter knew could be expected from the individuals and agencies who would benefit most. "I am accepting the bill," Senator Pastore admitted on the floor, "because the agencies interested in liberalizing the immigration laws have said to me, 'Please, Mr. Pastore, we want the bill. . . . I have heard from Father Donanzan [American Committee on Italian Migration] and

Monsignor Swannstrom [National Catholic Welfare Conference] . . .'" As one Senate aide put it, "Walter simply held the children for ransom."

The Quilt Gets Crazier

Complaints about the methods by which Walter achieves his triumphs don't bother him at all. "It's just too bad," he says with unrepentant cheer. Walter's contempt for his opponents is based on his view that if they really wanted to have their way they should spend less time delivering orations and more on coming to grips with the facts of immigration. To some extent he is certainly right. While those who favor a more generous and consistent immigration policy are considering the plight of Barry Goldwater's grandfather or crying "foul," Walter is both legislating and controlling the administration of U.S. immigration policy. His piecemeal addition of certain measures to the law has not only managed to take the steam out of any concerted drive for a meaningful revision of the law but has further obscured the inadequacies of the law itself.

For example, to those who are distressed over shortcomings of a total annual immigration quota of 156,000, much of which is wasted under present law, Walter points out that with non-quota immigration from the Western Hemisphere and various extensions tacked on through special legislation, an average of 250,000 immigrants in fact are admitted to this country every year. Since that is around the figure most of the act's critics—including Herbert Lehman and Dwight Eisenhower—have proposed themselves, he wonders what all the fuss is about.

While the rhetoric of congressmen who have criticized the act may have given the impression that they were advocating a policy of unlimited immigration, most of their proposals have in fact been based on a total annual quota of about 250,000. But within the total quota, they argue, places should be distributed more equitably among countries on the basis of facilitating family reunions, bringing in those whose skills we need, and dealing with refugee emergencies that continue to

arise. As it is, the provisions of the McCarran-Walter Act limiting immigration on the basis of the national origin of the American population in 1920 have not proved workable according to anyone's standards. More aliens have had to be admitted, and the problem we face has less to do with how many come in—on which there is general agreement—than with who comes and under which category. And this is precisely where Walter's control has rarely been challenged.

THE STATED PURPOSE of the present act, in Senator McCarran's words, was to codify at long last "literally hundreds of enactments which have been supplemented and implemented by thousands of rules, regulations, proclamations, Executive orders, and operations instructions." It would "get rid of this crazy quilt of immigration laws," as Walter put it. Things have not worked out that way in practice, however. Advocates of the bill had assured their colleagues, for instance, that the McCarran-Walter Act would "virtually eliminate the filing of private immigration bills and their consideration on the floor of the House." Private legislation actually increased under the act, from 3,700 introductions in the Eighty-second Congress to 4,800 in the Eighty-third. Similarly, although Walter had characterized as "silly" the "charge that a man could be excluded . . . for violating a traffic ordinance," two years after the bill had been passed he himself was complaining that "Case after case has been brought before us under private legislation, in which visas are being denied to persons who committed such petty crimes as theft of a loaf of bread during the famine days of 1946 in Germany . . . or for killing or roasting a duck while on an outing." Accordingly, he urged the law he amended so that petty offenders could be granted visas if they were otherwise eligible for entry and had only committed one such offense.

While any statute that deals with the intricacies of immigration must certainly allow for a large amount of flexibility, the shortcomings of the McCarran-Walter Act have produced such a welter of amendments,

clarifications, and emergency conventions that less and less is actually accomplished under the reviewable provisions of the law; more and more depends on the discretion of the Attorney General and/or the good will of Congressman Walter.

Walter's Welter

Since resettling refugees, bringing in workers with needed skills, and reuniting separated families have all been made extremely difficult by rigid quota restrictions, such problems have generally been resolved by special legislation when they have reached a critical stage. Because the Hungarian refugees we wished to admit as residents far exceeded the annual quota for Hungary, a special forgiveness was granted them—not, to be sure, in 1957, when President

tor to that of immigrant and who are awaiting clearance on crowded Asian waiting lists. They are being permitted to violate their visitors' status by working while they wait, and are here under grants of "voluntary departure"—which means that though they could be deported, they probably will not be. Should they desire to go home to visit their families, they will have to re-enter the country under something called "parole." This concept, which many people insist is a figment of Walter's imagination, was found in the law by the congressman as a means of admitting the inadmissible Hungarian refugees to the country in a hurry. Parolees come in at the discretion of the Attorney General and may also be requested to leave at his discretion.

One of the new features of the



Eisenhower strongly recommended it and Walter just as strongly opposed it, but a full year and a half later. And just as the entry of certain relatives of American citizens and alien residents was speeded up by him this year, so first-preference waiting lists of skilled aliens who are petitioned for by prospective employers had to be cleaned up in 1957 and again in 1958. In certain countries such as Greece, India, Israel, Japan, Spain, and Turkey, the applications have begun to pile up once more. Walter does not find the situation particularly acute at present, however, and he did not recommend that the problem of first-preference waiting lists be dealt with in the last session of Congress.

Another predicament arises over the status of potential immigrants who are already in this country. At the moment, for example, there are some 1,700 skilled aliens trying to change their status from that of visi-

tor to that of immigrant and who are awaiting clearance on crowded Asian waiting lists. They are being permitted to violate their visitors' status by working while they wait, and are here under grants of "voluntary departure"—which means that though they could be deported, they probably will not be. Should they desire to go home to visit their families, they will have to re-enter the country under something called "parole." This concept, which many people insist is a figment of Walter's imagination, was found in the law by the congressman as a means of admitting the inadmissible Hungarian refugees to the country in a hurry. Parolees come in at the discretion of the Attorney General and may also be requested to leave at his discretion. One of the new features of the

residents, unless some special legislation is passed. There are also some six or seven thousand "compassionate" or "filing cabinet" cases, as they are known to the Immigration Service—aliens who are technically deportable but who are simply being ignored and allowed to stay.

The Case of the Yugoslavs

Since most of the proliferating rules, amendments, and special dispensations that have been patched onto the McCarran-Walter Act are designed to alleviate distress or smooth over trouble, it is not surprising that they have been welcomed rather than criticized by those who wish to liberalize immigration policy. What has not been taken fully into account by Walter's opponents is the extent to which the patchwork changes have resulted in a rapid growth of power for those who administer the act and a lessening of judicial supervision. As those who administer the law—by and with the advice and consent of Congressman Walter—find their discretionary power expanding, the opportunity for individuals to seek judicial review diminishes, since courts decline to substitute their own judgment for that of the Attorney General in matters of discretion.

The growing autonomy of the Immigration Service has been apparent in recent Congressional debates. Increasingly, congressmen have been reduced to requesting assurances that the law either will or will not be administered in a given fashion. Those who voted reluctantly for the bill containing the Judicial Review amendment this year had to take what comfort they could from the news that Commissioner Swing had "assured the members [of the committee] . . . that these provisions will be used only against those aliens who have grossly misused the instruments of due process of law." It would "probably" only be used "seven or eight times a year." Last year, Senator Keating overcame his objections to exclusion of certain Jewish and Italian aliens from our special Refugee Year program because "assurances have been given that relief will be administratively available to these groups under the present language of the resolution notwithstanding their technical nationality." In the

same debate, assurances were given that Yugoslavian escapees would be provided for under the resolution's language.

THE CASE of the Yugoslavs illustrates how our immigration laws have been interpreted and enforced under Walter's reign. For some time Walter has maintained that most of the escapees from that country were simply "economic" refugees. Assuming they would not face serious reprisal if they were returned, the Service has been returning Yugoslavians. Senator Frank Lausche (D., Ohio), who does not go along with Walter's assessment of the situation, asked specifically before voting for the Refugee Year bill in 1960 whether "any consideration was given to the Yugoslav escapees or fugitives who are being sent back to Yugoslavia on the ground that they are not political fugitives, but that they have escaped merely because of economic difficulties." He was assured by Chairman Eastland that "they will be provided for under this agreement." And indeed, by last spring a good number of the comparatively few refugees who were benefiting from the program were from Yugoslavia.

Mr. Walter expressed his concern over this development in a letter to the Attorney General. He complained of the "truly disproportionate participation in the benefits of parole by one national group, Yugoslavs, the overwhelming majority of whom appear to have the least genuine claim to refugee status, as most of them are, in fact, seeking economic opportunities . . ." Walter recommended that the Service establish a priority system that would "eliminate entirely" consideration of such "economic refugees." The Attorney General replied that the Service had already reached the very same conclusion "prior to the receipt of your letter" and "had established the precise priority system desired by your subcommittee. . . ."

The Executive branch must of course always be scrupulous about taking into account the intent of Congress when it comes to the delicate matter of interpreting the provisions of a given law, but as far as immigration is concerned it seems pretty clear that the intent of Con-

gress means the intent of Francis E. Walter.

Where the Pressure Comes From

Although the Kennedy administration is said to be considering a revision of the McCarran-Walter Act as a possible recommendation to Congress next year, there are few signs that the President intends to take on the battle a real revision would entail. The only immigration measure for which the administration actively lobbied in the recent session was the bill to restrict an alien's right to appeal a deportation order, despite the fact that the Democratic platform had called for that right of appeal to be "extended." Mr. Kennedy, who in 1955 called the McCarran-Walter Act "the most blatant piece of discrimination in the nation's history" and suggested that the whole thing be scrapped, has recently expressed somewhat more moderate views. "The most important immediate objective of immigration policy," he wrote to a group of Italians this spring, "is the reuniting of families . . . I consider it desirable to make this reunion of families possible within the general framework of the existing law. . . ." Among the variety of ever-pending bills there are several that would alleviate some of the hardships of family separation without scrapping the whole law as well as others that would abolish the national-origins system in principle without permitting an "influx of Orientals." And there is a chance that the administration will sponsor one of these.

But even that chance would seem to be a fairly slim one. Last January, shortly after the New York *Times* announced that Thomas M. Cooley of Philadelphia had been given final clearance by the Kennedy advisers for General Swing's job, another *Times* piece revealed that Congressman Santangelo of New York had high hopes for his new bill to revise the law. "Increased pressure . . . from the incoming Kennedy administration," Santangelo reported, had made Congressman Walter amenable to such a revision. Since neither Mr. Cooley nor the Santangelo bill has been heard of since, it would seem that if there has been pressure it has not come from the Kennedy administration.

AT HOME & ABROAD



Syria Secedes From Nasser's Empire

CLAIRE STERLING

CAIRO
NASSER meant it when he told his dispirited followers here that the Syrian revolt was an even worse blow than the attack on Suez had been. The blow in this case has come from fellow Arabs who had lived in close union with Nasser for three and a half years. Their rejection could not have been more humiliating.

Contrary to the general impression, Nasser was not entirely unaware of what was coming. He had been warned of the coup two weeks beforehand by his Syrian satrap, Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj. But he was too sure of himself, and too unsure of Serraj, to believe it. Unfailingly greeted by delirious crowds on tours of the Northern Province of his United Arab Republic, he had never doubted their love for him, and though the Syrian army had been somewhat restive—there had been ugly barracks rows between Syrian troops and Egyptian officers—he had taken elaborate precautions to ensure its loyalty. At the time of the coup, several thousand Syrian officers were stationed in faraway Egyptian outposts, while a large body of Egyptian officers quartered in Syria

seemed in firm command of its First Army.

Thus he was confident of success when on September 28 he dispatched two thousand commandos to Latakia within hours of getting the news of the revolt. He seems to have been thinking in the same terms even a week later, when he moved thousands of troops, along with quantities of tanks and heavy artillery, to his own port of embarkation at Alexandria. But he was forced to recall the first contingent after two hundred commandos were killed upon landing, and he never got around to dispatching the second. The Egyptian Army does not have the amphibious capability to invade and hold a hostile country several hundred miles away, and with only some isolated groups of Syrian students rising to defend Nasser (not a single Syrian army officer could be induced to do so, even at gunpoint), he had to face the fact that Syria was thoroughly hostile.

An Expensive Headache

Of course Nasser has told the Egyptians no more of this than he thinks is good for them. As far as the man in the street here knew even weeks

after the event, the coup was the work of a few reactionary capitalist agents and army mercenaries, the Syrians have been rioting ever since in protest, and Nasser has only to send them military reinforcements to regain control of the region. His refusal to do this has immensely surprised his countrymen. But neither that nor the coup itself has turned them against him. Whatever the early predictions, there is no evidence that the Syrian affair has shaken Nasser's power at home. On the contrary, many Egyptians are proud of him for refusing to shed Arab blood even under extreme provocation, and a good many, who had found their union with Syria unexpectedly burdensome, are also rather relieved.

The Egyptians had not sought this union in the beginning. The initiative had come from the other side. Four years ago practically every politician from right-wing capitalist to left-wing socialist was convinced that only Nasser could keep Syria from becoming a Soviet satellite. He yielded to this argument reluctantly. The Syrians may have been ardently pro-Nasser at the time, but they had neither a geographical frontier nor very much else in common with Egypt except the Arabic language. Furthermore, they are a fiercely individualistic people, historically ungovernable.

On the other hand, Syria was much richer than Egypt, a good hard-currency earner, and the producer of enough wheat to be the Middle East's breadbasket. The Egyptians looked forward, at least, to some old-fashioned imperialist profit for their pains. But as other imperialists have occasionally discovered, Syria ended up costing them money—quite a bit of it—and giving them endless headaches besides.

Nasser no sooner acquired his Northern Province than it was hit by a three-year drought. Instead of getting extra wheat to help cover Egypt's permanent shortage, he was obliged to finance emergency wheat purchases for the Syrians. Furthermore, he had just embarked on an ambitious development program for Egypt, and could hardly leave his new province out in the cold. In the first three years of union he raised Syria's budget from 400 to 500 mil-

lion Egyptian pounds, a good share of it paid for by Egyptians. Meanwhile the Syrians, accustomed to buy, sell, and smuggle as they pleased, were causing a constant leak in Egypt's limited foreign exchange.

Warily, Nasser left Syrian business pretty much alone. He did move to eliminate any possible organized opposition. Within weeks of the merger, his Northern Province was a partyless police state locally controlled by the Syrians' own superpoliceman, Colonel Serraj. It was not until the third anniversary of the union that he felt confident enough to merge Syria into what was essentially a Greater Egypt. In February, he nationalized a few Syrian banks and extended Egypt's trade and currency controls to the northern region; in July he issued a set of revolutionary socialist decrees nationalizing nearly all commercial and industrial enterprises in both Egypt and Syria, imposing a stiff graduated income tax, and slapping a ninety per cent tax on all incomes over 10,000 Egyptian pounds; and in August, he abolished the regional cabinet in Damascus so as to govern the region directly from Cairo. The economic measures caused a panic among Syrian businessmen, a massive flight of capital from Damascus, and a drop of nearly twenty per cent in the Syrian pound; the political centralization spread disaffection through the ranks of the patriotic Syrian Army and succeeded in bringing the two forces together to carry Syria straight out of the U.A.R.

LOOKING BACK NOW, people close to Nasser admit that his decision to integrate Syria's economy with Egypt's was an egregious error. Contemptuous as he has always been of Egypt's submissive middle class, he may have assumed that the Syrian middle class was equally impotent. He may have mistaken the adoration of street crowds for power. Still, it is hard to understand why, with no demand for nationalization even at the street level, he should have tried to nationalize the free Syrian economy overnight—or indeed why he should have issued his revolutionary decrees at all.

As of last July, there was no apparent need for these decrees in Egypt, either. Nasser already has enough laws on the books to control

as much of Egypt's business, banking, and trade as he likes, and his admixture of state and private enterprise has been getting good results. Five years of peace after Suez have given him not only the time but the self-assurance to concentrate on his country's development. In this period, Egypt's gross national product has been rising seven per cent a year, its investment rate has been an annual 15 to 17 per cent, industrial production has tripled, and the average Egyptian's income has increased by nearly half. American economists say that if Nasser can keep going at this rate and find \$200 million a year in foreign capital to help him, he can make Egypt self-sustaining by 1966. With half a million new Egyptians born every year, that would be quite an achievement.

Can Nasser maintain this rate with his present policies? He will surely find it much harder now to attract foreign capital. And he might find it extremely hard to transform Egypt's bright new managerial class—Oxford and Harvard-trained, and highly paid by private industry—into obedient civil servants with a possible top salary of \$10,000 a year. Most observers think that Nasser issued these revolutionary decrees at least partly because of a sincere desire to redistribute his country's wealth. Beyond that, however, was the need of a dictator to keep his revolution dynamic. There was also a very specific worldly ambition.

Nasser has reached a plateau in his leadership of the Arab masses. He is no longer content to be a mere nationalist, with nothing more to offer his followers than tired slogans. Nagged by a sense of inferiority in the international circles he frequents, prodded by Tito, and taunted by Khrushchev, he is bent on creating a political philosophy and economic doctrine of his own. What he has come up with is a "monolithic society," combining socialist controls with capitalist incentives such as stock ownership and profit sharing, which he defines as "private enterprise without exploitation and public ownership without confiscation." Whether or not the system proves workable, the Egyptians are sufficiently domesticated after nine years of Nasserian rule to accept it.

The undomesticated Syrians' re-

fusal to accept it has unquestionably been a calamity for Nasser. But if some of the western public delights in his comeuppance, western diplomats are in general less gleeful. The new Syrian régime, though friendly, is not exactly stable. There is room for reflection in the thought that, before it joined the U.A.R., Syria was much more vulnerable to Soviet penetration than any other Arab state, Egypt included; that it has produced the only Communist leader of stature in the Middle East, the well-traveled Khaled Bakdash; and that the first major power to give it diplomatic recognition after the coup was the Soviet Union.

The Russians Turn Cool

Even if the new Syrian régime can be shored up, the stability of the Middle East is less likely to be affected by what happens to a state with five million inhabitants than by what happens to Nasser, whose influence extends far beyond his own twenty-eight million Egyptians. It is true that he may have lost much of this influence by losing Syria. But it has also been true in the past that he has been considerably more of a menace when under fire than when, as in the last few years, he has been safe and self-assured.

There is an interesting indication of this in his changing relations with the Soviet Union. It was precisely when he was under fire, in 1956, the year of Suez, that Nasser turned to Moscow for arms and money. But as the pressures on him gradually subsided, he has been swinging the other way. Although Khrushchev has given Egypt \$500 million worth of credits since 1957—not counting another \$300 million for the Aswan Dam—he has proved to be something less than a selfless benefactor. Many of the machines he has delivered have been outdated, inferior copies of western models, and he has not only sold them at thirty to forty per cent more than the world price, but taken sixty-seven per cent of Egypt's cotton crop in payment—reselling the cotton himself in Eastern Europe for hard currency. Furthermore, he seems to be less and less enthusiastic about the Aswan Dam. Though Egyptian engineers say that Russian heavy machinery for the dam is excellent, they are puzzled by the in-

efficient methods being used by Soviet technicians at the site, and by the fact that work on the dam is a year and a half behind schedule.

While Nasser was still handicapped by the West's post-Suez boycott, he said and did nothing about these Russian practices. But in the last year, he has become outspokenly critical of Russia and has made a strong effort to get back onto a reasonably comfortable footing with the West. He has favored western firms in awarding contracts. And half his total of loans from foreign sources comes from the West. The United States has made available \$463 million in one form or another since 1959, private British and Dutch firms have extended substantial credit lines, and the West Germans have recently signed an agreement for a \$200-million loan.

It is worth noting that a major share of this German loan was allocated for construction of the Euphrates Dam in Syria—a project equal to Aswan in importance—which the Russians turned down last spring after a year of study. It is noteworthy, too, that Nasser is procuring spare parts from Germany, not only for his Russian industrial machinery, but also for the Russian military equipment on which his army until now has been entirely dependent.

KHRUSHCHEV's rebuff of Nasser on the Euphrates Dam implies that he too is revising his views of the Egyptian dictator. The sharp Soviet attacks on Nasser lately bear this out. Whether of his own volition or on the insistence of Red China, Khrushchev has begun to insist that in return for Soviet friendship Nasser should release the four hundred-odd Communists who have been languishing in Egyptian jails for several years. Nasser's flat refusal to do so has brought some nasty jibes from *Pravda* and a pointed warning not to "chop down the tree that gives you shade." That being just the kind of pressure that infuriates Nasser, his controlled press has of late been applying to Russia all the shrill adjectives that are usually reserved for the United States.

This is not to say that Nasser has lost any of his suspicions of the West. But he does seem to have been moving closer to a policy of nonalign-

ment in fact as well as in name. At the Belgrade neutrals' conference, for instance, he expressed "shock" at the resumption of Soviet nuclear experiments, refused unequivocally to endorse any statement on Germany that would have strengthened the Russian position, and even on African matters was clearly critical of Nkrumah's extremism.

Considering how busy Nasser still keeps himself in Africa, this might be substantially less than enough to overcome our suspicions of him. Nevertheless, western diplomats have begun to be warily hopeful about getting along with him, and are frankly nervous about what the psychological effects of Syria's loss might be.

Had the Syrian revolt been of western or eastern inspiration, no one here doubts that Nasser's response would have been swift and ruthless. As it is, he has bowed to his loss with a grace that has astonished those who have long regarded him as a two-dimensional figure. Very likely it was *force majeure* that led him to renounce military intervention in Syria. But that was not so plainly the reason for his decision, shortly afterward, to call off his potentially deadly political blockade of the new Syrian régime, and leave it free to seek diplomatic recognition, membership in the U.N., and even re-entrance into the Arab League. If nothing else, that decision suggests a capacity for subtlety for

which this master of the retaliatory stroke has rarely been given credit.

It is possible, of course, that Nasser is simply making a clever grandstand play for the Arab masses, while privately preparing one of those devastating counterpunches which have made him famous. It is also possible that he has changed his views about the unity of the Arab world. After a series of abortive political raids on his Arab neighbors—Jordan, Lebanon, Iraq, Saudi Arabia—he may now feel that unity in the form of a personal empire is not feasible, or at any rate that it cannot—as he insists nowadays—be imposed by force.

Assuming he does feel this way, there is still nothing to prevent him from working to subvert the new Syrian régime, or from looking elsewhere to rebuild his prestige. There is naturally no better place for him to look than Israel, the one issue on which all Arabs, including the Syrians, can agree. But with the United Nations Emergency Force standing guard ever since 1956 on his own frontier with Israel, he had sent most of his Soviet tanks and MIGs to guard Syria's border with Israel, and they are still there. Besides, having had one taste of the Israeli Army, he isn't likely to be in a hurry for another. This being a strictly internal Arab fight, he doesn't seem to have any of his usual alternatives for retaliation available, and for once the West does not seem likely to be the victim of his anger.

De Gaulle and the Politicians

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS
"KHRUSHCHEV does not frighten us," the conservative weekly *Candide* remarked recently in a sarcastic editorial. "The threat that he represents to the western world must not be allowed to divert attention from the real enemy we have to fight."

The unidentified foe of the French people is of course General de Gaulle, and *Candide's* barbed shaft is aimed at the parliamentary barons of the defunct Fourth Republic who in the last few weeks have emerged

from semi-retirement to hoist the banners of opposition to his Fifth Republic or to stake out their claims as his eventual successors. Despite the obvious special pleading, the editorial serves to focus attention on what from the American viewpoint is doubtless the most significant aspect of the current political situation here.

The present agitation may or may not develop into a crisis of the régime; much depends on how de Gaulle's plans for a French "disengagement" from Algeria work out

during the next few weeks. But it is beginning to eat away the foundations of the hitherto fairly solid anti-Communist front in French domestic politics. The most glaring example of the trend that has yet been noted above the factory or community level is the formation early in October of a Popular Front-type "anti-fascist vigilance committee" for the Côtes-du-Nord Department on the Channel coast in Brittany. It is composed of delegates named by the provincial federations of the French Socialist Party; of the P.S.U.—the dissident Socialist splinter group to which former Premier Pierre Mendès-France now belongs; of the Communist Party; of a new rural movement that calls itself Labor Action; of the Communist-controlled Central Labor Organization (the CGT); of the rival Catholic Trade Union Organization (the CFTC); of the venerable League for Human Rights; of the National Teachers Union; and of the National Education Federation, which includes student organizations. Whether the committee is going to be vigilant mainly in defending the Fifth Republic against its fascist enemies or in making sure that the Sixth one when it comes will have a more leftward orientation, is not yet clear, but its membership proves that it has no vigilance to waste on the Communist menace at home or abroad.

EVEN MORE disturbing than such provincial popular fronts is the tendency among responsible leaders of the French non-Communist Left to bid for Communist support by soft-pedaling their attacks on Communism or on Soviet foreign policy while continuing to avoid appearing on the same public platforms with party leader Maurice Thorez. According to *France-Observateur*, a generally neutralist, occasionally fellow-traveling, but well-informed left-wing weekly that supports Mendès-France's party, the former premier explicitly recommended such a strategy of internal neutralism to Socialist chief Guy Mollet during a recent talk arranged to explore the possibilities of a reconciliation—the two men had not seen each other in private since Mendès walked out of Mollet's Republican Front government in 1956. Mendès-France does

not believe that it is possible to work with the Communists in a coalition government, but he reminded Mollet that Communist support in the National Assembly had been helpful to the Republican Front and had not necessitated any dangerous concessions. That, Mendès-France said, is how he envisages relations with the party today.

"As far as I am concerned," *France-Observateur* quotes him, "I will



never be the man of an anti-Communist coalition." Since Mollet definitely considers himself an anti-Communist—he is the author of the definition that the French Communist Party is neither Left nor Right but simply East—one might suppose that his talk with Mendès-France would have left both men with renewed respect for the sincerity of each other's convictions but with the feeling that at a time when the intensified Communist threat to NATO is the main issue confronting the whole West, no close collaboration between them is feasible. Yet further negotiations between Mendès-France and Mollet for the reconstitution of the Republican Front comprising Socialists, Radicals, Mendésistes, and

possibly the Catholic M.R.P. are envisaged, though each man also has another formula in mind. (Mendès-France favors a leftist mass movement based mainly on labor support—including that of the Communist-led CGT—while Mollet is thought to have up his sleeve a plan for a classic national union cabinet including leaders of the Right.) The main Socialist organs, while rejecting the idea of co-operation with the Communists—perhaps not quite so categorically as in former times—are noticeably gentler than they used to be in chiding those leftists who still try to work with them. The same tolerance is manifested by certain non-Communist French labor leaders despite increasing pressure from the Communist-controlled unions to make the joint signing of appeasement manifestoes on Berlin a condition for working-class solidarity in strikes or agitation to achieve higher wages and other limited professional objectives.

THE RIGHT-WING opposition, which has launched a campaign to build up former Premier Antoine Pinay as de Gaulle's logical successor, is indirectly assisting Communist efforts to soften up the Left by downgrading the Berlin crisis in the public mind. Some of the more irresponsible rightists even accuse de Gaulle of deliberately exaggerating the Soviet threat to the city so as to distract attention from his Algerian policy. Others criticize his intransigent refusal to negotiate under duress on the grounds that it undermines western unity. Contradictory or ambiguous reports from Washington about U.S. policy with regard to Berlin and the recognition of the East German régime have provided ammunition for all these defeatist or diversionary campaigns here.

"De Gaulle's German policy is completely unrealistic," a right-wing French leader who is noted as a militant anti-Communist and as a strong supporter of European integration said to me recently. "The American attitude is much sounder. You recognize that the time has come to face up to the fact there are two Germans."

De Gaulle, though not enthusiastic about European integration, looks on West Germany as an indispens-

'Forward to Communism!'

In the Park of Culture and Rest

MAIUS BERGMAN

able ally and fears that too much glib talk about *de facto* recognition of East Germany may push it out of the Western Alliance. For this reason, well-informed French circles say, he is more determined than ever to resist the pressure for a more flexible attitude on Berlin whether it comes from Washington or from local appeasers.

Theoretically there is now a potential majority in the National Assembly—a conglomeration of leftists and die-hard rightists—to oppose de Gaulle's policies and overthrow the Debré government, but de Gaulle's veiled threat in his television address of October 2, to appeal to the country via new elections or a referendum, has cooled down the opposition.

"De Gaulle is playing the eighty per cent of the French population that supports him against us," a Radical deputy remarked shortly after the current session of the National Assembly convened. "Even if the eighty per cent isn't quite that much any more, we don't have much of a chance against him."

The possibility that de Gaulle will finally be eliminated by the bombs or bullets of right-wing terrorists cannot be ruled out, but the threat of a military or rightist insurrection which Mendès-France stressed in his press conference last month is no longer taken seriously by political observers here—at least as far as mainland France is concerned. The negotiations with the F.L.N., which seem about to be resumed, could weaken de Gaulle's position if they ultimately break down again; conversely, if they result in an accord they may drive the European settlers in Africa into open secession. Neither development would automatically mean the collapse of the Fifth Republic, and even the assassination of de Gaulle would not necessarily mean civil war in France. There are certainly no indications for the immediate future of any internal emergency that could justify collaboration between pro-western French democrats and the Communists. Neither is there evidence that the vigilance toward Communist aggressiveness should be relaxed. But on this score it can be said that the French mind is confused by our fuzzy reactions to the Communist thrust against unity of the western world.

THIS BEING a Russian tale—a perfectly true one, incidentally—it will begin in the traditional Russian manner:

In the provincial town of S., on a sprightly autumn morning, the following placard made its appearance on all kiosks, bulletin boards, sundry birches, and walls:

COMRADES! TODAY, ON — — — —, 1961, THERE WILL BE AN EVENING DEVOTED TO THE SUBJECT OF "THE PARTY LEADS US FORWARD TO COMMUNISM." PLACE: PARK OF CULTURE AND REST. ON THE PROGRAM: LECTURE, ORAL GAZETTE. QUESTIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE ABOUT THE DRAFT OF THE NEW PARTY STATUTE WILL BE ANSWERED. TIME: 6:30 P.M.

This, I said to myself, will be worth seeing. The new party program had been published only a few months before, and its promises for a rosy future were still the main topic for Soviet newspapers, magazines, and radio. The lecture, I concluded, should draw quite a crowd, and the question period should provide an interesting glimpse of the ideological sophistication of the Russian citizenry.

At 6:45 P.M., I presented myself at the entrance to the local Park of Culture and Rest, accompanied by a young Frenchwoman, the wife of a friend, who has been living in the Soviet Union for several years. I was rather anxious about the time, but with a knowing smile she assured me that we were probably early and in any case needn't fear we'd have difficulty getting a seat. Still uncertain, I nevertheless demurred, and we proceeded along the central avenue, lined with various inspiring statues (young worker holding an ax, young Komsomol girl, chest expanded, a book in her outstretched hand, a peasant girl with scythe), as well as a motley assortment of live citizens, some walking leisurely arm

in arm, some swaying drunkenly from side to side, some reclining on benches and listening to a young man playing an accordion. As we approached what seemed to be the very heart of the park, I began to wonder whether the young lady was not right after all, for not only was there no sign of any public gathering, but the numerous loudspeakers blaring a strident march would have made any discussion impossible in the area.

After glancing at the Pavilion of Flowers, the Kirov Square, the Gagarin display, and a thoroughly deserted open-air auditorium, we finally approached a middle-aged man with a red band on his arm—a member of the local Citizens' Brigade—and asked him where the meeting on "The Party Leads Us Forward to Communism" was to be held.

The man scratched his head. "You're foreigners, aren't you? Well, you see, if you have any questions about the party program you may ask them at the local *Agitpunkt* right in this building"—and he pointed to one of the houses that encircled the Kirov Square. "But I suppose that if you want to attend a meeting, there is one being held at the local movie house, right over there."

THE THEATER was rather dark and dingy. It could accommodate at most two hundred people, but now only about forty were sitting on its wooden benches—mostly old women in kerchiefs, some children aged one to eight, and a scattering of old peasants and young workers—listening to a man who was standing in front of a large map of the world. As we made for one of the rear benches, the speaker, dressed in the standard baggy brown trousers, nondescript jacket, and tieless blue shirt, explaining the German problem: The western powers keep insisting

on the reunification of Germany through so-called free elections—which, as the comrades surely knew, would mean that *all* of Germany would land in the lap of the imperialists. Now, isn't that clear? Wouldn't it make so much more sense to sign a treaty and then let *both* Germanys come to some kind of agreement? This is *really* what the people of Germany want—and not only the German people but the whole peace-loving world. Are there any questions?

Scattered applause greeted these words, and a few voices cried out: "Clear, clear! No questions!"

"All right, then," said the speaker. "We'll soon put on the television. But *before* we do that, we'll listen to Comrade Gruchkov, who will say a few words about the new party program."

I was delighted. "So we came to the right place after all," I whispered to my companion.

Comrade Gruchkov—dressed very much in the same manner as his predecessor—turned out to be a pleasant man, disarmingly paternalistic and magnificently patient in his attention to details. The party program, he explained, is a "historic document," which, like "a beam of sunshine, illuminates the road to the future." If peace reigns, the Soviet people will, within twenty years, achieve the millennium. Of course, if the capitalists continue their provocations, and the tension in the international arena sharpens—well, then it will surely take *more* than twenty years to achieve the party's goals. Furthermore, the comrades should not for a moment assume that Communism will come to pass spontaneously; the Soviet people must exert themselves to the limit, and struggle for their happiness. But if they do that—"ah, then, comrades, the Soviet Union will outstrip even the most advanced capitalist countries."

The speaker paused, smiled good-naturedly, and continued. Some people, he said, are utterly foolish, and assume that the principle of "to everyone according to his needs" means that everyone will just grab what he likes, without concern for the common good. Nonsense, comrades! What the party means—as Nikita Sergeyevitch himself has said—is that

everyone will get what is reasonable and rational. "For example"—and here the speaker took a small notebook from his pocket—"the party has already calculated—and very scientifically, mind you!—what the average citizen will have under full Communism.

"First, sugar—eighty kilograms per capita per annum. Now isn't that enough, comrades?" Some old women nodded approvingly. "And vegetables [so and so many kilograms]—and housing [here everyone perked up]—every family will have a three-room apartment, comrades!"

A few loud snickers were heard in the hall. Comrade Gruchkov smiled. "I suppose, comrades, that all this sounds like a fairy tale, but you may be sure that if the Soviet people really put their shoulders to it, it will come to pass. Now let me give you a few other examples. . . ."

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT of audible murmurs and exclamations—what the Soviet newspapers are fond of calling *ozhivlenie*, animation—Comrade Gruchkov smilingly held up the vision of three pairs of shoes per person per year, seven suits a year for every man, and seven dresses for every woman.

"Now tell me, comrades, isn't that enough?" he asked triumphantly. "*Vpolnie, vpolnie* [completely]!"



cried several voices. "I repeat," Comrade Gruchkov continued, "that all these figures were arrived at scientifically, they weren't just concocted out of the clear blue sky. And so, comrades. . . ." Here his voice trailed off, repeating some of the previous formulas and concluding with "Well, comrades, are there any questions?"

One elderly citizen had a question. It was hard to make it out, and evidently not of a particularly search-

ing nature, for in reply the speaker merely repeated what he had just finished explaining—patiently and calmly. Then again:

"Are there any more questions, comrades?"

"No questions! No questions!" came the animated reply, accompanied by loud applause. "It is all *very* clear!"

"Well then, in that case we shall soon put on the television. We will listen to the latest news, then to a concert—music, singing—we'll all have a good time. But *before* we do that, I'd like to introduce Comrade Vorobyov, who will say a few words about the *international* significance of the new party program."

The audience, visibly disappointed, sat back and braced itself for another speech. A baby began to cry, but Comrade Vorobyov—a small man with a dried-up face, a glassy stare, and a wooden monotonous voice—launched into his exposition. As Comrade Vorobyov droned on ("this document, comrades, is like a beam of sunshine that illuminates the road to Communism for all toiling humanity" . . .), it became obvious that he was one of those speakers for whom no problem is more excruciating than how to bring their speeches to the close. But finally he ended: "Well, comrades, are there any questions?"

Yes, there was a question from the same elderly citizen. And again no one but the speaker seemed to hear it. The answer was equally incomprehensible, and Comrade Vorobyov turned again to his audience: "Any more questions, comrades? Are there any more questions?"

"No, no questions!" came the determined and spirited response, again accompanied by applause. "It's all *very* clear!"

"Well, in that case," said the chairman, "I shall now ask the technician to set up the television."

I LOOKED at my companion, and she looked at me. "Are you satisfied?" she asked with the barest trace of a smile. "Yes, I am." "Shall we go?" "By all means."

We rose and walked toward the door. An old woman who had been sitting next to us was visibly puzzled. "Are you leaving now?" she asked.



The Growing Pains Of African Democracy

W. ARTHUR LEWIS

SEVENTEEEN NEW sovereign states have been created in West Africa during the last four years. Except Nigeria, each of them is dominated by a single party, although only one, Guinea, is avowedly a one-party state. All the others have opposition parties and claim to be democratic. In a few countries, of course, opposition leaders have been jailed, beaten up, or subjected to economic intimidation. But most African political leaders disapprove of such practices. Single-party rule in West Africa cannot be explained primarily by violence.

A better explanation lies in the party structure. All the dominant parties are organized on a mass basis around the personality of one leader. This always dangerous type of political organization did not reach West Africa until twelve years ago, but in this short time all other types, some dating back fifty years, have been brushed aside.

The mass parties of Africa have no ideology; instead they have slogans. The national parties speak of unity, progress, and the common

man while the sectional parties speak of religion or of tribe. Such ideas are vague enough to ensure wide support. The emotional tie is to the leader, the man "who understands how we feel," the one "who stands up and speaks for us." The movement for independence in West Africa created the need for national heroes.

It also provoked political intolerance. However correct the African leader may be in his dealings with the opposition in parliament, his local supporters often resort to social ostracism, blackmail, and even knives. The essential difference between democratic and nondemocratic party leaders in West Africa is between those who discourage violence and those who encourage it. Most leaders speak against violence and may genuinely deplore it, but still they regard some local violence as inevitable.

The Morning After

But now independence has come—in its later stages even faster than was expected and without a struggle.

With the "enemy" gone, political ardor has cooled noticeably. University students, for instance, are no longer particularly excited about their political leaders. By the time they themselves become leaders, the emotions that have focused on the present heroes will have cooled even more.

The cooling of the political temperature that came with independence has already encouraged the development of rival parties, usually based on tribal or religious allegiance. The history of any tribe, however, is mainly a history of the wars it has fought; the themes are enmity, hatred, and enslavement—hardly suitable material on which to build a national state. Tribalism is associated with conservatism, since the only tribes that can form powerful parties are those governed firmly by aristocratic chiefs.

The great majority of national leaders have been educated abroad, in Europe or the United States. There they associated with opposition movements, and naturally imbibed all the doctrines of radicalism. Some have been in the Communist Party, but none have stayed there, since no African leader wants to gain independence from Britain or France in order to hand it over to Moscow.

Most African politicians do remain radicals when they return, but not all. Some join a conservative tribal party because it is strong in their area, or because they sincerely feel that existing authority is the soundest path to progress. The real powers behind these tribal parties, the chiefs, have usually had little education, and few have traveled outside their realms. But their parties have attracted able, well-educated men, and there are also some able, educated chiefs.

Though the conservative tribal parties are very strong in Northern Nigeria, Mauritania, Niger, and elsewhere, they are probably at or near the peak of their power. Rule by aristocratic tribal leaders has no appeal in the second half of the twentieth century, whether for the common man or for the trading or professional classes. Conservatism will not be soundly based in Africa until it shakes itself free from its association with chiefs and tribalism.

The party in power obviously



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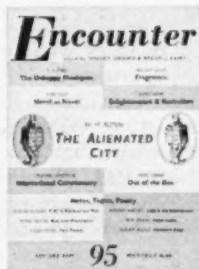
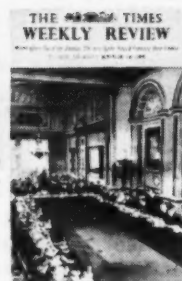
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enjoys immense advantages. The leader puts up only one candidate for election in each constituency, while his various opponents put up four or five. Thus he may still win even when seventy per cent of the district votes against him. When a party wins, say, sixty per cent of the seats in parliament even with only thirty per cent of the vote, its prestige is still strengthened and its opponents demoralized. A would-be dictator could easily come into power unless his opponents united to stop him.

Under the constituency system, moreover, minorities get representation only when they live in separate well-defined areas, and this forces West African politics to set one part of the country against another. While Britain can afford setting towns against villages, it is no favor to have bequeathed to Ghana, for instance, a two-party system which functions by setting the Ashantis against the Fantis. Africa needs an electoral system where every vote counts, where it pays each party to get every vote it can in every area, and where each party must avoid extreme positions that divide the country rather than promote its unity. Western Europe has other electoral systems that do not emphasize geographical differences so much and give greater representation to minorities. One of these would have been more appropriate to African conditions.

ANOTHER unhappy legacy is the belief in strong centralized government. In both France and Britain, local government plays a minor role and federation is regarded as an inferior institution. Consequently, national leaders in Africa are determined to impose strong central governments, even though vast differences in geography, income, education, and religion make centralization quite inappropriate. Their obstinacy on this issue serves merely to aggravate internal tensions.

A further weakness of the Franco-British inheritance is its insistence that cabinet ministers must be chosen from parliament. Many West Africans who would make excellent cabinet ministers are not in parliament. In a West African cabinet of twelve, not more than three minis-

ters may know what is going on in their departments.

These deficiencies in the political systems make West African politics more violent than they need be. If the so-called democratic system yields obviously absurd results—such as giving ninety per cent of the seats to a party that wins only fifty-five per cent of the votes, or giving absolutely no representation to minorities unless they live in a separate district, or vesting control over local affairs in remote capitals, or confining the president's choice of ministers to a body chosen for any reason except fitness for such responsibility—is it so surprising that in some places the opposition ceases to believe in democratic processes, and prepares to overthrow the government by violence? Yet none of these faults is inherent in democracy.

Family Quarrels

Another important development that the cooling of political temperatures has made possible is the open struggle for power inside the mass party itself. Every mass party is a coalition, in which every point of view is represented. When independence is the only issue, all eyes are fixed on the national hero, but as soon as the "external enemy" has indicated his willingness to go, Africans once more



indulge in the luxury of disputing among themselves.

All good government is coalition government, but the coalitions may be of three kinds. There may in effect be only one party that is itself a coalition, as in India or Mexico or Ghana. Or there may be two large parties, alternating in the government, each party being a coalition, as in Britain or the United States. Or there may be a multiplicity of parties, none of which can hold office except in coalition with others; this is the situation in the great majority of democratic countries.

In order to function, each of these

coalition systems demands respect for a particular pattern of traditions. The one-party system is the least stable, partly because it depends on having a national hero for its leader, and falls to pieces if he dies or loses his grip; and partly because the absence of open opposition encourages corruption and inefficiency.

West Africa is now in the one-party phase simply because the struggle for independence creates a one-party system. But that system will not last long. For countries with so much internal diversity, the natural democratic framework is a system of several small parties, some of them forming coalitions. French Africans are familiar with this kind of system, and, like France itself, will probably turn happily to it as soon as the current challenge has been met. British Africans have a more difficult psychological problem.

The proposition that West Africa needs dictatorship in order to achieve modernization is false. The foundations of modernization (education, taxation, reform of local government) have been laid in the Western Region of Nigeria, for example, without abandoning democracy, and had already been laid in Ghana by the ruling party before its leader decided to impose upon a reluctant cabinet his own preference for locking up opponents. Equally false is the proposition that mass parties are essential to effective government. French democracy has been unstable not because it has depended upon coalitions—so has Swiss and Dutch democracy—but because Frenchmen are too deeply divided.

The real question is whether West Africans are so deeply divided that they cannot tolerate living together within a democratic framework. Happily, this is not so. The modernized Africans who dominate political life are agreed in wanting to minimize differences of tribe, religion, and language. Class differences are only just beginning to appear and, except for hostility to chiefs, are still a minor factor in politics. The need for modernization is universally accepted. In such communities democracy should work. But it must be the kind of democracy where all interests are adequately represented all the time, not the sort where the outcasts carry no weight at all.

Prince Sihanouk And the Four A's

DENIS WARNER

OUR NATION is justly proud of its role and of a prestige which we have not savored since the fourteenth century—and this in the defense of peace and justice on behalf of a sister country," declared Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia upon his return to Phnompenh from the Geneva Conference on Laos in July. "This role and this prestige have certainly far exceeded our standing in the world. For the first time in our history it has fallen to us to assume responsibilities and to carry out a task on an international scale as an equal partner with greater and more powerful nations."

The fact that Laos, the sister country on whose behalf Sihanouk had intervened so prestigiously to secure "peace and justice," seemed "about to become a natural and inevitable extension of the Communist bloc," as he put it himself in a series of articles in *Réalités Cambodgiennes*, was a secondary consideration, one that could be conveniently attributed to the errors of the Americans and the Thais and forgotten in the new-found glory of Cambodia's role as an international fixer.

While conceding that his attempts to find a solution in Laos were unproductive, Sihanouk is pressing the same neutral policy on neighboring Thailand. His general plan is for a neutral zone stretching from Laos to India and made up of states united in their intention to exclude great-power conflicts from their territories. In this he has the enthusiastic approval of the Chinese Communists.

There is every reason why Peking should approve, of course. China also wants what it calls a "zone of peace" in Southeast Asia. Like Sihanouk, China wants the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization dissolved, though unlike Sihanouk it earnestly desires the elimination of every

vestige of American influence in the area—and far beyond, for that matter. While Sihanouk was espousing his Southeast Asian neutral belt and President Sukarno of Indonesia was calling for an even larger neutral zone to include what he called the "three A's"—Asia, Africa, and America (Latin)—Marshal Chen Yi, Communist China's foreign minister, proposed the most grandiose of all, the "four A's"—Asia, Africa, America (Latin), and Australia.

"BE SURE of one thing," Sihanouk has said. "In spite of all the disapproval of the West, I will never abandon my friendship with the Chinese and the Russians. I will never give them up. It isn't that I like them more than the Americans, but without them the partisans of the other bloc [i.e., Thailand to the west and South Vietnam to the east] would sit on us till the seams burst. But don't forget, either, that if we became enthusiastic members of the Sino-Russian bloc to a point where we lost altogether the friendship of the western countries, if we were to behave like enemies toward those countries, we would be going very much against our interests and our security. The interplay of American and Communist influence really makes our independence possible."

Sihanouk draws a clear distinction between indigenous and foreign varieties of Communists: while he habitually treats the local Pracheachon Party as a subversive organization clandestinely linked to Hanoi (but not to Peking or Moscow), he consistently treats Russia and China as friends. By identifying the Pracheachon with the Vietminh, who as Vietnamese are regarded as the natural enemies of the Cambodian people, Sihanouk has undoubtedly succeeded in discrediting the party. But since there is no American equivalent of the Pracheachon in Cambodia and the balance has to be

preserved, he maintains the illusion of neutrality by occasional attacks on the United States and its policies. The result is confusion: Communism is bad since it is allied with Cambodia's enemies, but Russia and China are good, though mixed up in dangerous business with the United States, which, like the curate's egg, is good only in parts.

Gongs in Peking

Sihanouk frequently complains, as he did most recently in a long, huffy letter to the New York *Times* of October 3, that his ambivalence is misinterpreted by the West. "The great western press often discusses our neutrality, but few journals seem to understand the problems involved," he wrote in the *Free World Review*. Every time he is "misunderstood," he responds with such acute sensitivity that western diplomats now encourage correspondents to impose a voluntary self-censorship in writing of him lest criticism drive him into some new impulsive act.

Sihanouk undoubtedly responds to the flattery he receives in Peking and Moscow and with irritation to western criticism. But the idea that he acts only on impulse and that everything will be all right if he is jollied along is nonsense, perhaps even dangerous nonsense. His motives, policies, and prospects need careful attention.

To begin with, Sihanouk is convinced of the impermanence of western influence in Southeast Asia and of the growing power of China. Though anti-Communist and determined to keep Cambodia out of Communist hands as long as he can, he rejects the idea of any sort of military alliance with the West as the worst form of insurance. On the evidence of the western military failures in Laos, he can scarcely be blamed.

This is a reason for neutrality. But his wooing of Moscow and Peking is conditioned largely by Cambodia's ancient enmity toward Thailand and South Vietnam. He wants the support of Russia and China as a regional counterweight, and he hopes to be adroit enough to prevent their warm embrace from becoming a stranglehold. "It is true that in the future they hope we will go Communist ourselves, but for the

time being they do not want to go that far," he once told some Cambodian students in Paris. "They are content with the position I have taken to date."

Peking expressed its contentment last December when Sihanouk visited China on the eve of launching his appeal for a Geneva Conference on Laos. He was cheered by half a million of those "spontaneous demonstrators" who beat drums and gongs, wave flags, and explode firecrackers for distinguished visitors.

Sihanouk did not overtly attack the United States on that occasion: But by innuendo he said everything Peking wanted to hear. He was "grateful" to China "for not showing toward us any of that chauvinism or contempt which so many big and medium-sized nations find it difficult to avoid in dealing with weaker nations." He said any country that was unjustly menaced (as he thinks Cambodia is by South Vietnam and Thailand) could count on China's "fraternal and effective support." He praised the Chinese contribution "to the liberation of a whole part of humanity." He agreed with Mao Tse-tung that "the east wind is prevailing over the west wind." He put his signature with President Liu Shao-chi's to a joint communiqué that condemned "the acts of certain countries designed to create tension in Southeast Asia and to interfere in other countries' internal affairs." He expressed "sympathy and support" for the Laotian people "in their just struggle against foreign intervention." He declared that all schemes to isolate China in the world would only isolate those who launched them.

FOR HIS CO-OPERATION, Sihanouk got a treaty of friendship and nonaggression with China; another \$12 million to improve the equipment of the Chinese textile, plywood, cement, and paper factories already established in Cambodia; what he described as "gratuitous and unconditional" aid of an undisclosed amount to build a foundry with a yearly output of 40,000 tons of cast iron, 20,000 tons of steel, and 15,000 tons of rolled iron; also a small mechanical-engineering workshop; more technical aid to improve the organization of state-owned co-operatives

and rice-growing projects; and—as a gesture of contempt for the highway that has been built with U.S. support—a detailed survey of a parallel railway to be built by the Chinese from the capital to the port of Sihanoukville. In addition, China agreed to establish a joint Sino-Khmer shipping line, which, according to Sihanouk, "will permit Cambodia to lay the foundation for its national merchant marine, to build ships and to train sailors." In return, he said, Cambodia had only to offer China its gratitude—"and, on the international stage, to support China's legitimate rights, starting with its admission to the United Nations."

Having It Both Ways

Sihanouk has been advising the Thais to be smart and play it the Cambodian way, since by persisting with their western alliance they make Thailand an inevitable target for Communist subversive techniques that cannot be countered. The corollary is that by throwing off western alignment, Thailand, like Cambodia, will get the best of both worlds.

In his articles in *Réalités Cambodgiennes*, Sihanouk has been at pains to point out to the Cambodian people why they are safe from the Communist infiltration that has threatened Laos. The Pathet Lao, he says, has no counterpart in Cambodia. Fewer than three per cent vote for the Communist Pracheachon, while his own Sangkum Party commands ninety per cent of the popular support.

Running through the articles, however, is a deep strain of pessimism. It is obvious that Sihanouk views with gloomy foreboding the prospects of a Communist take-over in Laos. This tacit admission that non-Communist Laos acted as a buffer for Cambodia is somewhat surprising: westerners who made similar suggestions in the past have been bitterly attacked in Pnompenh for expressing "anti-Cambodian" sentiments.

For short-term advantages, Sihanouk is taking grave long-term risks. If he pursues his neutral mission to its logical conclusion he will have destroyed even the premise on which he believes his independence is based. There can be little doubt that

if SEATO were broken up and all U.S. military power removed from Southeast Asia, the field would be left wide open to China. If, as he claims, the counterpoise of American and Communist influence really does make Cambodia's independence possible, then Sihanouk's current course can end only in self-immolation.

Sihanouk's admirers point out that because of his shrewd and profitable manipulation of the two blocs, Cambodians may now be born in a Russian hospital, grow strong on eggs that Americans have doubled in size, build houses from materials manufactured by the Chinese, export goods through a port built by the French, and travel in railway coaches provided by Australia. All of this—and more—is true. It is also true that a neutralism which provides a retreat from the rivalries of the major power blocs and which, through its own military or internal democratic strengths, is capable of resisting subversion might play the useful role of intermediary in this uncertain world. Unfortunately, Cambodia has neither military nor democratic strengths. For military protection it has come under the leaky and unwelcome shelter of the SEATO umbrella. Sihanouk denies, of course, that SEATO has been a deterrent. Like the Chinese, he regards it as a provocation and, since it has helped his neighbors, even as a provocation directed against Cambodia.

He wants no part of it. Despite the evidence of the treatment of fellow Buddhists in Tibet and the contempt the Chinese have shown for peaceful coexistence with India, he is prepared to stake the future not only of his country but of the entire region on the assumption that the mere profession of neutrality creates a *cordon sanitaire*, which the Communists dare not break for fear of offending the so-called uncommitted nations of the world.

SIHANOUK is charming, amusing, and talented. He is properly conscious of Cambodia's long history, and has played a distinguished part in some of its recent chapters. His royal leadership has been unique in Southeast Asia. He is by any standards a well-loved leader. Yet as an unwitting agent of Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung he has few peers.



Trouble on Route 40

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

ROUTE 40 reaches from Atlantic City's boardwalk to San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. But its most heavily-traveled section is the sixty-two-mile stretch between the Delaware Memorial Bridge and Baltimore, where it turns west. For here it is part of the main route between Washington and New York, or, as one State Department official put it recently, "between the capital of the United States and the capital of the world."

These sixty-two miles are much like other segments of roadside America: motels, drive-in movies, miniature-golf courses, gas stations, and restaurants of every variety: truckers' "greasy spoons," hot-dog stands, pizza joints, diners, gleaming structures that serve frozen custard in huge paper cups, road-houses that advertise "drinks, steaks and dancing," and others that feature crab imperial and similar gustatory specialties of this Chesapeake Bay region.

The State Department's concern with this road centers primarily on these restaurants and who can be served in them. Since last February, nine diplomats from African countries have been refused service along the Maryland section of Route 40.

Since most African and Asian nations cannot afford to maintain separate staffs in Washington and at the United Nations headquarters in New York, their diplomats are often accredited in both places. Particularly when the U.N.'s General As-

sembly is in session, Route 40 is crowded with black limousines shuttling between the two cities. The State Department reports that nearly all the incidents have taken place on the trip south. After two hours of numbing monotony on the New Jersey Turnpike, the garishness of Route 40 jolts the sleepy traveler. Roadside restaurants tempt his appetite. And according to a State Department protocol officer, "Those damn limousines always seem to run out of gas just as they get into Maryland."

THE INCIDENT that first aroused Federal concern occurred in Hagerstown, a small city in the hills of western Maryland that is often used by the State Department as a "typical American" showplace for foreign visitors.

On March 9, Dr. William H. Fitzjohn, chargé d'affaires of the Sierra Leone mission, was returning to Washington from Pittsburgh. On the outskirts of Hagerstown he stopped off at a Howard Johnson's restaurant, where a waitress refused to serve him and his Negro driver because of their color.

The State Department apologized to Dr. Fitzjohn. Mayor Winslow F. Burhans of Hagerstown expressed dismay over the restaurant's behavior and the restaurant promptly announced that it was changing its policy. On April 27 President Kennedy expressed his personal regrets to the diplomat at the White House. The incident culminated in a din-

ner for the diplomat in Hagerstown on June 23 which was attended by two hundred white and Negro civic and business leaders. Dr. Fitzjohn was presented a key to the city, which he accepted with a wry grin. "I intend to use it," he said. "I will be back."

Asian and African diplomats had been involved in dozens of such incidents in this country since the Second World War, but the State Department rarely went beyond a formal expression of regret. This was particularly true during the four years in which the department's protocol division was headed by Wiley T. Buchanan, Jr., a Texas industrialist.

But Buchanan's replacement, Angier Biddle Duke, was embarrassed by these incidents both professionally and personally. (He recently resigned from Washington's exclusive Metropolitan Club because it does not admit Negroes.) Shortly after taking office in February, Duke set up a Special Protocol Service Section, charged with smoothing the wrinkles out of the red carpet for foreign visitors.

The staff, headed by a young official of Spanish descent named Pedro Sanjuan, was already hard at work when Dr. Fitzjohn was snubbed in Hagerstown. But soon the office was swamped with irate reaction from abroad. The Lagos, Nigeria, *Daily Times* commented: "By this disgraceful act of racial discrimination the United States forfeits its claim to world leadership." The *West African Pilot* said the incident showed the United States to be "a country with a completely bankrupt racial policy, a country which still lives in the dark ages."

This reaction, more than anything else, convinced the State Department and the White House that an all-out effort was needed to prevent such incidents from hampering the country's foreign policy. In April, President Kennedy wrote letters to the governors of Maryland and six other eastern states citing "the need to assure friendly and dignified receptions" for foreign diplomats. Then, on April 27, the same day the President talked with Dr. Fitzjohn at the White House, Duke presided over a meeting at the State

Department with representatives of the governors of seventeen states. The speakers included Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs G. Mennen Williams and Frederick G. Dutton, special assistant to the President. Sanjuan made a special plea for effort in "the first concentric circle of difficulty"—the states of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. "We can't say 'You are O.K. in Washington, but watch out when you cross Key Bridge because that is enemy territory.'"

A Leopard-Skin Crown

During the summer the situation seemed to be getting worse rather than better in Maryland. In a short period, four African diplomats were denied service at Route 40 restaurants.

On June 26, Ambassador Adam Malick Sow of Chad, who had been representing his country at the U.N., was driving to Washington to present his credentials to President Kennedy. Near Edgewood he stopped for gas and entered the Bonnie Brae Diner to get a cup of coffee. He was told that the diner does not serve Negroes. Mr. Sow identified himself through his interpreter, but the counterman said that made no difference. The next day the diplomat filed a strong protest with Duke at the State Department. In rapid succession similar incidents occurred involving diplomats from Niger, Cameroon, and Togo.

Early in July, Governor J. Millard Tawes of Maryland, under heavy pressure from the White House, publicly apologized to the four ambassadors. He called on "every Marylander to think this matter through and place his nation's interest above his personal preference."

In August, the State Department sent another letter of protest to Howard Johnson's. This time the incident involved not a diplomat but an American Negro from White Plains, New York, who had been denied service at the chain's restaurant in Salisbury, Maryland. When questions were raised about the State Department's intervention in a case involving an American citizen, Secretary of State Rusk told the American Society of Newspaper Editors: "Let me say with a Georgian

accent that we cannot solve this problem if it requires a diplomatic passport to claim the normal rights of an American citizen."

THE SECRETARY'S WORDS were underlined by an incident that took place in Baltimore on August 22. A man dressed in a maroon robe and leopard-skin crown, accompanied by two aides in cutaways and top hats, entered one of Baltimore's finest restaurants, which, like most others in the city, does not serve Negroes. However, when the magnificently robed patron was identified as finance minister of "Goban," the headwaiter politely ushered them to a table where they had highballs and soup before departing in a limousine. It turned out that the elegant gentlemen from "Goban" were actually three newspapermen from the Baltimore *Afro-American*. Three days later, the paper announced that the stunt had been carried out to expose the "hypocrisy" of the concern over service to African diplomats:

"By the simple process of putting on a few rented clothes and mumbling gibberish, [the newspapermen] were transformed into men of distinction, who received the red carpet treatment at restaurants which



wouldn't have given them a drink of water if they had entered as colored Americans.

"We ask ourselves, if they were good enough to be served as impostors, why aren't they good enough to be served under their rightful names?"

When asked for his reaction, Duke is reported to have called the stunt a "great show," exposing a "ridiculous system."

THE SAME POINT was made two weeks later by one of the most serious racial incidents in recent Maryland history. On September 5, three Philadelphia Negroes and a white woman were driving back

from Washington and stopped off at the Bar-H Chuckhouse on Route 40 near Northeast, Maryland. They were refused service and when they declined to leave, state troopers read them the state trespass law and packed them off to jail. For the next seventeen days the three Negroes carried on a hunger strike, refusing to co-operate in any way with their captors and turning down offers of legal aid.

After thirteen days of fasting, they were sent to a state mental institution for a checkup. "Anybody that will not eat and won't stand up in court and plead acts like a mental case to me," said the Cecil County sheriff. But the hospital sent them back the next day, certifying them sane. Finally, on September 22, the trio were brought to trial at the Cecil County courthouse in Elkton and given suspended fines of fifty dollars.

The employer of one of the three Negroes wrote a letter to Governor Tawes noting that when African diplomats were involved in a similar incident, "everything was smoothed over; but an American is given worse treatment than an African."

An Unprecedented Request

Meanwhile, an important decision had been made in Washington. On September 13 Sanjuan appeared before Maryland's Legislative Council.

"Your state is getting an undeserved reputation for backwardness," he told the legislators, "because the law in Maryland permits discrimination in places of public accommodation." The State Department, he said, urged the legislature to pass a bill ending such discrimination in hotels, restaurants, and other public accommodations.

"Before some of you start wondering," he went on, "why the Department of State is interested in what may appear to some to be an internal matter within the State of Maryland, let me beg you to consider this rather as a request by the Department of State for the assistance of the State of Maryland in insuring the success of the foreign policy of the United States. . . . Give us the weapons to conduct this war of human dignity."

State Department officials said the appeal broke a long-time tradition

of not intervening on local or state issues. It immediately drew an attack from Republican Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland. "This is not the business of the Federal government," he said. "If the Federal government is going to go around policing everybody, I think they are getting away from the American system as I know it."

But the Federal campaign continued. From the White House came the announcement of "an intensive community-level effort" by Federal officials to end racial discrimination in Maryland. A few days later, John Y. Yoshino, an official of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, was assigned by the White House to work with Douglas Sands, executive secretary of the Maryland Commission on Interracial Problems and Relations, visiting restaurant owners on Route 40.

After two weeks on the road, the team reported little progress. All the owners mentioned their fears that integration would cost them money in a community where segregation is the pattern in public accommodations. To meet this argument, the Federal officials decided to take their case to the communities in a series of meetings throughout the state. The first, held on September 25 at the officers club at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, supplied 250 citizens of Harford and Cecil Counties with a full menu of soup, chicken, and six speakers. The audience responded with polite applause.

Between North and South

While the community-level campaign for voluntary integration went on, Federal officials continued to bring pressure for passage of a public-accommodations bill. "Some people keep suggesting a kind of 'Duncan Hines' list of restaurants for foreign diplomats," Sanjuan explained. "But we wouldn't be fooling anybody that way. A law is the only answer."

But here the State Department had to come to grips with the problems presented by the curiously divided personality of Maryland. Even those who remember that the Mason-Dixon Line runs along the Pennsylvania-Maryland border have difficulty understanding the state.



Maryland has been described as "the gateway to the South" and as "a Southern state looking North." It is torn between its tobacco-raising and horse-breeding past and its industrial present, between the "new" Baltimore, rebuilding with an ambitious urban-renewal program, and the Eastern Shore and southern Maryland, some of whose little oyster towns have not changed much in 150 years.

Baltimore was the first city to desegregate its schools under the Supreme Court's 1954 decision, and the Federal Civil Rights Commission reported last week that it is the only city to have fully met the Court's challenge. Parks, public swimming pools, busses, taxis, theaters and concert halls, and most hotels are also integrated.

But the Eastern Shore, the peninsula between the Chesapeake Bay and the ocean, seems in many ways closer to backwoods Mississippi than to Baltimore. School segregation persists in seven of the shore's nine counties. Movie theaters maintain separate entrances and reserve balcony seats for Negroes. In the five counties that make up what is called southern Maryland the situation is not significantly different from that of the Eastern Shore.

The same split, between Baltimore and the suburban areas of Washington on the one hand and the Eastern Shore and southern Maryland on the other, is reflected in the legislature. Over the years the grossly over-represented rural bloc and timid city legislators have stifled civil-

rights legislation. Only sheer ridicule made the legislature ratify the Fourteenth Amendment in 1959, ninety-one years late and the forty-sixth state to do so. This same coalition is expected to block any efforts this year or in the near future to pass a public-accommodations bill. Similar bills introduced in the last three years have been killed in committee.

The chances of passing a bill are further hampered by a system that annually alternates three-month general legislative sessions with one-month short sessions at which only state-wide or "emergency" legislation can be introduced. In next year's short session, a single county can kill any bill by exempting itself under the tradition of legislative courtesy.

The only chance of passing a bill lies in strong support from Governor Tawes. But the governor, who faces a tough re-election battle next year, has backed away from the issue. Earlier this month, under heavy pressure from religious, labor, and community groups in the state, he lukewarmly endorsed a bill "in principle." But the next day he said "it would be much better if they [the diplomats] would stop at places with an open door policy." State Department officials are not optimistic about help from Annapolis.

"But we're not giving up," says Pedro Sanjuan. "We're going to open that road for everybody yet. We may have to run an airlift into Berlin again, but we're not going to run one into Washington."

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A lively exposure to ideas—once limited to formal teaching or the conversation of educated parents—can now be part of the home environment of children of every background. Teachers say that, compared to pre-television youngsters, today's children entering school are better informed, have larger vocabularies. And librarians say that today's pupils borrow more books.

The right balance of entertainment and information varies for each age and for each individual. Television, the versatile storyteller, continues to develop its repertoire—in children's shows, news, adventure . . . science, history, politics . . . music, drama, sports. Parents and teachers, the most important storytellers, can help youngsters choose programs and form a pattern of viewing most enjoyable and rewarding for the individual child.

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"Little Lost Sheep"
Hans Conried and Arlene Francis
in an original comedy.
Wednesday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

"Al Smith"
Biographical study of The Happy Warrior.
Sunday, November 5 (6-6:30 PM)

"Danny Kaye Show"
Monday, November 6 (9-10 PM)

"Moment of Decision"
Fred Astaire and Maureen O'Sullivan
in a drama of suspense.
Tuesday, November 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Charity Bandits"
Documentary drama on fraudulent charities.
Wednesday, November 8 (10-11 PM)

"Anima e Corpo"
Cavalieri's Oratorio. St. Cecilia choir and
orchestra from Rome's Chiesa Nuova.
Sunday, November 12 (10-10:30 AM)

"The Face of Spain"
Chet Huntley reports on life in Spain.
Tuesday, November 14 (10-11 PM)

"Close-Up!"
Two-part study of Berlin and East Germany.
Tuesday, November 14, 28. (10:30-11 PM)

"Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait"
Paintings, drawings, and *mises en scène*
from Van Gogh's life.
Friday, November 17 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Valley of Shangri-La"
Isolated mountain kingdom in Kashmir.
Monday, November 20 (7-7:30 PM)

"An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving"
Holiday moods of past times recalled in
music, dance, and literature.
Tuesday, November 21 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 23 (10:30 AM-12)

"General Ulysses S. Grant"
A PROJECT 20 historical essay.
Friday, November 24 (8:30-9 PM)

"Crossing the Threshold"
Diary of a hypothetical flight in orbit.
Friday, November 24, (9-10:30 PM)

"Victoria Regina"
Julie Harris and James Donald star.
Thursday, November 30 (9:30-11 PM)

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American Government
COLLEGE OF THE AIR:
The New Biology

Mondays: EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays: DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL

Thursdays: CBS REPORTS
Fridays: EYEWITNESS
FRANK MCGEE'S
HERE & NOW

Saturdays: UPDATE
ACCENT
ASK WASHINGTON

Sundays: CAMERA THREE
WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
DIRECTIONS '62
ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/
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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
MEET THE PRESS
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WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL
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Note: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are
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VIEWS & REVIEWS



The New Wave And the Old Rock

MICHAEL A. ROEMER

EVERY ART FORM is continually threatened by its own vocabulary. Initially forged by the impact of experience, a vocabulary soon loses its pertinence and becomes a collection of empty phrases. Only by returning to life itself, by continually re-creating his imagery, can the artist preserve the vitality of his work. So we find painters and poets shedding style after style, breaking down their own forms to confront again the reality of experience.

When an entire industry has evolved around a medium of expression, as it has around the motion picture, this return to experience becomes at once more obviously necessary and more difficult. By force of economic necessity, a way of doing things becomes established—a way of writing, directing, acting, lighting, and photographing a story which has proved adequate in the past and which is modified only slightly with time. Writers, directors, actors, and cameramen fall into routine procedures and their work is derived from other films rather than from life.

During the past ten years the eco-

nomie foundations of the American film industry have changed and crumbled. In 1960 the industry produced 154 films as against 383 in 1950. In the same period, average weekly attendance has dropped from sixty million to 43.5 million. Except in the field of distribution, the major companies have lost much of their hold, independent production units have mushroomed, and art theaters specializing in foreign films have sprung up in most large cities.

Yet none of this has produced a substantial change in the American film. A decade of crisis has made the industry fearful and conservative; it has responded to the challenge of a shrinking market with wider screens, larger casts, bigger budgets, and longer stories. Whenever possible, producers purchase a hit play or a best-selling novel, conceived and pre-tested in another medium, which is turned over to a screenwriter for adaptation. This process of translation invariably removes such contact as it may have had with reality. But even given an authentic screenplay, close to experience and conceived in the medium, present methods of pro-

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duction inevitably drain it of all originality.

Years of routine, perfected techniques, and a high degree of established skill in every department of film-making all conspire against it. From casting to make-up to the movement of the camera, a monstrous if unintended predictability crushes all life and spontaneity out of the story. Even a strong director is helpless against the huge impersonal machinery. The channels have been set up too long and too well; his vision is trapped into standardized images; the living moment cannot survive the processes of the industry.

IT IS AGAINST this background that some recent films from Europe assume a special significance. The New Wave in France deliberately turned away from the methods of the French industry. The young men who made *The Four Hundred Blows*, *Breathless*, *The Cousins*, and *Games of Love* abandoned the rules of professional moviemaking. Their screenplays are loose and haphazard; one scene does not dovetail neatly into the next to advance the action; the camera work is often spotty and occasionally amateurish, the methods of production unorthodox and inefficient.

There is no virtue in any of this except as it permits life to reappear on the French screen. By sticking to their own admittedly limited experience, by stubbornly and sometimes foolishly resisting established routines, the New Wave men have endowed their best films with a freshness and spontaneity that is totally absent from our own pictures. *Breathless* has no real structure; its nihilism is shallow; the protagonists—particularly that very odd American girl who hawks the *Herald Tribune* and consorts with gangsters—are improbable; the plot is essentially that of a Hollywood B picture transposed to a Paris locale. But the physical detail is observed with a fresh eye, and the editing with its jagged discontinuity captures the meaningless and dissociated existence of the young couple.

Unlike the work of Kurosawa, Dreyer, and Fellini, the New Wave films are not the product of a sustained original vision. They pale in comparison with Vigo's *Zero for*

Conduct (1933), Renoir's *A Day in the Country* (1939), or Bresson's *A Man Escaped* (1956), to mention only three French films that opened up entirely new ways of seeing reality. Their freshness is largely the product of going out on location with a cast, a camera, and an open mind—unencumbered by a conventional script, a huge crew, and the mountainous human and technical paraphernalia that isolate every American production unit, whether shooting in a New York slum or an African village, from the reality of experience.

It is this simple achievement of the New Wave films that makes them significant for the American industry. Their success has demonstrated that a large international market exists for low-budget ventures like *The Four Hundred Blows* or the British *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. A sizable section of the very audience that has abandoned the American neighborhood theaters is now crowding the art theaters. It would be foolish to assume that they are looking for art. They are primarily looking for intelligent entertainment, for stories and people they can believe in, for a more sophisticated vision of life. They prefer foreign films with their modest budgets and unfamiliar casts to the ambitious projects of Hollywood.

THE SITUATION confronting the American film industry is not unlike that which Detroit had to face in the late 1950's. An increasing number of Americans were buying cheaper and smaller European cars; but it took the automobile manufacturers several years to acknowledge the new market and to venture into a competitive product. The motion-picture industry has not as yet acknowledged the existence of a demand for low-cost films that make up in freshness and sophistication what they lack in scope and Cinema-Scope.

Over the years a trickle of such films has indeed been produced in America, but with a very few exceptions they were made outside the industry. Of the handful actually financed and distributed by major companies, the most important as well as the most successful

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was Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty* (1955).

This apparently modest and unassuming picture broke every rule of the industry. The story, derived from a television play, was plotless in the conventional sense of the word. The courtship of two lonely people was developed in a series of very simple scenes, set in a featureless section of the Bronx. The cast was unknown and wholly without glamor, the photography undistinguished, the vast resources of the medium left unexplored. But in spite of the absence of physical action, spectacle, and stars, the film had a profound impact upon audiences—an impact that deserves to be analyzed.

In part it derived from the presentation of recognizable Americans in a familiar situation; from the widely experienced loneliness that pervaded the film as it does urban life; from the subtle balance of humor and sympathy that kept the scenes from teetering into self-pity while preserving the characters from ridicule. But the real impact and the originality of *Marty* sprang from its appeal to sensibilities in the audience that most pictures ignore entirely.

We bring to every human situation, whether it be a business meeting or an evening with friends, a social and psychological awareness which helps us, quickly and often on the basis of apparently insignificant evidence, to comprehend complex motivations and relationships. This awareness is not limited to the educated or the gifted; it is developed to a remarkable degree among most of us and serves as a dependable guide to the feelings and thoughts of others. This awareness—far more delicately attuned than most of our sensibilities—has not often been called into play by the arts, for it is predicated upon a more *total* and *immediate* experience than can be provided by literature and the theater with their dependence on the word, or the fine arts with their dependence on the image. The film, however, renders a human situation with enough totality and immediacy for these sensibilities to be called into play.

On the printed page or on the stage the following dialogue, spoken at the dance hall during the first meeting between Marty and the girl, would require amplification:

THE GIRL: I'm twenty-nine years old. How old are you?

MARTY: Thirty-six.

On the screen, however, it instantly conveyed feelings of hesitation, anxiousness, hope, and relief that created a strong sense of empathy and participation.

The entire picture had an intimate quality that is the proper domain of the medium quite as much as are scope and physical action. The dialogue at its best was not a direct display of feeling, as it is in most films, but *symptomatic* of feelings, as it is in life itself. Feelings were rendered in nuances of tone and gesture, out of our subtle and



immediate comprehension of a given human situation.

Marty was by no means the first sustained effort to explore this area of experience. Pictures like the British *Brief Encounter* (1945) and the French *Devil in the Flesh* (1947) pointed the way. But *Marty* was the first film produced by the American industry, after a long period of phantasmagoria, that actually rendered the reality of an American experience.

Its success was legendary. On a production budget of \$350,000, United Artists grossed \$3 million in the States and almost half as much again abroad. The picture won four Academy Awards. The industry immediately purchased a rash of successful television plays and produced them

on relatively low budgets. When none of these (*Patterns*, *Edge of the City*, *Twelve Angry Men*) met with great financial rewards—for the very good reason that none of them had the qualities of *Marty*—the production of intimate stories at low cost was abandoned as an unpromising experiment. Chayefsky's own subsequent efforts (*The Bachelor Party*, *The Goddess*, and *Middle of the Night*) seemed to confirm the theory that *Marty* was an inexplicable and unique exception to industry rules. Today the word among captains of the industry is that you either spend millions on a big story or stay under \$200,000 to produce a B picture—a story of violence and sex that can be shown widely as a second feature or presented on a first-run basis in the so-called exploitation houses.

A HANDFUL of low-budget films continue to be produced outside the industry, but with one or two exceptions they have failed to find an audience. Unlike the New Wave pictures, which have the financial and technical resources of the French industry at their disposal, they are made by well-intentioned and courageous individuals without any support whatever. As a result they either tend to stray into the realm of the arty, where effects and abstractions fail to make up for the essential absence of life (Stanley Kubrick's *Fear and Desire*, Hans Richter's *Dreams That Money Can Buy*), or limit themselves to the documentary, where character and story are generally subordinated to the random observation of life and no real intensity of feeling or experience are achieved.

A striking exception was *The Quiet One* (1949). Among the finest films made in America since the war, this story of a Negro boy alone in the ferocious labyrinth of the city was so closely and freshly observed that the flatness of the document was transformed into the three-dimensionality of art. Mention must also be made of *Shadows* (1961), an almost improvised film that is currently drawing large audiences in Europe. Set in the margin of our society where black and white meet, it has the characteristic faults of the New



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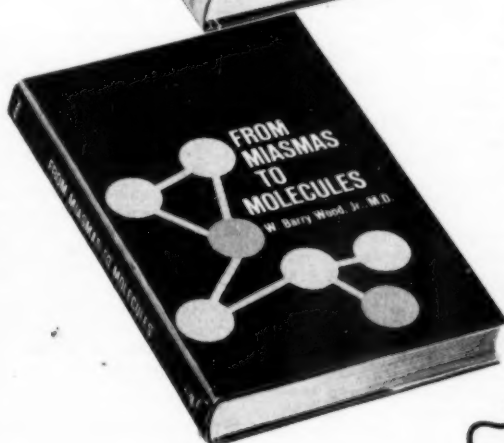
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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 42

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

- 1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- 2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- 3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 11 63 199 215 35 16 187
"Welcome, kindred glooms! Congenial
hail!" Thomson, The Seasons.

B. 9 31 39 51 112 93 119 123
133 140 Self-propelling.

C. 2 27 89 224 59 21 79 151
"O, mighty-mouth'd _____ of har-
monies.... Milton, a name to resound
for ages." Tennyson, "Milton."

D. 91 156 223 80
First name of Superman's girl friend.

E. 37 7 98 70 181 45
A container frequently used at breakfast.

F. 68 191 128 219
"Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
weight." Shakespeare, Richard II.

G. 147 77 114 41 173 196 105
116 185 139 195
Done after another thing and operating
retroactively. (2,4,5) (Lat.)

H. 110 14 160 137 210
Father-in law of Jacob.

I. 19 87 212 171 53
The law "renders men _____, in-
quisitive, dextrous, prompt in attack,
ready in defence, full of resources..."
Burke, "Speech on Conciliation with
America."

J. 61 221 66 146 158
A Brazilian dance of African origin.

K. 121 203 217 75 5 23 25 30
73 107 207
Neighbor of the Acrostician. (5,6)

L. 153 213 205 135 163 86 47
109 55 167 189
Small South American plant with emetic
properties.

M. 179 103 13 149 165 201 3 117
175
Easily aroused.

1	2	C	3	M	4	5	K	6	7	E	8	9	B	10	11	A	12	13	M	14	H	15						
16	A				19	I			21	C			23	K		25	K		27	C			30	K				
31	B			33	34	35	A	36		37	E	38		39	B	40		41	G	42		43		45	E			
46		47	L	48	49				51	B			53	I		55	L			57		58		59	C	60		
61	J			63	A				66	J			68	F			70	E				73	K		75	K		
76	77	G	78		79	C	80	D	81		82			84		85		86	L	87	I	88		89	C	90		
91	D			93	B				96		97		98	E	99		100						103	M		105	G	
106		107	K	108		109	L	110	H			112	B			114	G		116	G	117	M		118		119	B	120
121	K			123	B					126		127		128	F	129		130					133	B		135	L	
136		137	H	138		139	G	140	B	141		142			144		145		146	J	147	G	148		149	M	150	
151	C			153	L				156	D			158	J		160	H						163	L		165	M	
166		167	L	168		169				171	I			173	G		175	M			177		178		179	M	180	
181	E			183	184	185	G	186		187	A	188		189	L	190		191	F	192		193				195	G	
196	G				199	A			201	M			203	K		205	L				207	K				210	H	
211		212	I	213	L	214		215	A	216		217	K	218		219	F	220		221	J	222		223	D	224	C	225

Across

Down

1. All about Big Rob in Chap II and all about books.
33. Shields from tropic tones.
46. Voiceless speech sound in Russ, Urdu, Hindu, and other languages.
57. N. M. pueblo Indian looks as if it were the label on our universe catalogued with others. (Alt. sp.)
76. Something brought to light when the axe lops it off.
84. Lord Ellenborough's report when he captured Scinde, whereby he confessed his guilt.
96. The correct title of the Acrostician.
106. Take up fifty as is; you'll get a plant.
116. A legal excuse not taken out of libation.
126. A capital confusion found in pairs.
136. The mold is part net.
144. Indian tobacco for example found in any garden but not ever found red in a boiled flounder.
166. Double exclamation made with the head when not spread.
177. You _____; _____ am; he is in an area where I serve as one of the articles.
183. "It ain't _____ sol!" Bad cess to rain and lyel
211. A peruser ruins me with extras.
1. A capital grows a seasonal vegetable. (8,7)
4. Fat boy in the comics but not a bad duck.
6. A Turk, not a footstool.
8. This kind of horse or dog can cause quite a scare.
10. Titled persons who give allegiance to the Acrostician.
12. The Tabard and the George, perhaps, but all taverns.
15. If sad politician changes, they're petrified!
33. A predicated term is no poor tip for this.
43. Give all six a ruby to put under the arm.
82. The Frenchman is the typical loved one of old.
84. Found out in the eye and up in the lip.
126. It's nonsense in the pane when it's capable of changing shape.
130. A CSA soldier becomes more staid when he gets sore.
158. A mass of land in Southeast Asia.
169. He is over, about, and in this place with her excellency.
177. Aral Sea dried up might be winged to fly up.

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Wave as well as its virtues. The best scenes have an unpredictable and spontaneous quality; watching them, one has the sense, so rare in our cinema and so essential to any real achievement, that the action is actually unfolding before us, obeying no law but that of its own momentum. Despite the absence of structure, character development, and sustaining vision, the detail of the experience is often real.

With a few exceptions, the films that have been produced outside the industry—generally on a shoestring, mostly by nonunion crews, often with amateur casts and inadequate equipment—present the sad spectacle not of deliberate innovation and courageous departure from the norms of the industry but of woeful inexperience. Understandably, there is no audience for such efforts.

It seems reasonable to suggest that the low-budget feature, produced if not entirely within the industry at least with industry support, offers some hope of revitalizing the American film—and of shoring up an eroding market.

So much has been lost in vigor, in spontaneity, in the capacity to observe what actually happens. To take only one example: our pictures today display an almost total lack of sensory feeling—the most direct and effective way of creating empathy in an audience. Chaplin sitting down on a hypodermic needle in the lair of a dope fiend, the clipped hair that falls onto the lips of Dreyer's St. Joan as the prison barber prepares her for execution, the tactile sense of skin and materials, the kinesthetic effect of motion followed closely—all these are a direct communication of experience. In their place we have little more than formalized violence, antiseptic sexuality, and a camera that dollies along predictable tracks—impervious to any motion but its own.

As with the physical, so with all modes of reality. We must regain for the medium its pristine vision, its freedom of form, its capacity to explore not only the vast but the intimate, its special affinity for complexity and change, for the spontaneity of each moment—so that the images on an American screen will once again move us by rendering the reality of our experience.



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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

AROUND SPRING every year the heads of television tell us in glowing terms of the goodies in store for us the following season. With one eye (now permanently riveted) on the FCC, they promise more and better service programming; with the other eye (roving) on the mass, they speak of new series that will brighten the hearths of twenty million homes.

To a gratifying extent, they have kept their first promise: the public can be well informed, even at night. I should say especially on weekday nights, for I find now that Sunday television programming, which used to be called an intellectual ghetto, is neither intellectual nor a ghetto: it is a fixed, stale pattern of "serious" fare, coming to life only occasionally in NBC's *Invitation to Art* and *Du Pont Show of the Month*, in CBS's *Camera Three*, *Accent*, and CBS-TV *Views the Press*, in Dr. Albert Burke's *A Way of Thinking*, on Channel 5, or in *Twentieth Century*, again on CBS. I cannot think I am alone in being profoundly indifferent to youth forums, Washington conversations, discussions, and *Meet the Press*. Nor, I am sorry to say, has Adlai Stevenson's first "Report" promised new vitality. The trouble with important and responsible figures like an ambassador to the United Nations and a Secretary of State is that they cannot tell us all they know, and what they do tell us we know already. The same of course goes for most senators, excepting those who possess the courage of a Fulbright. I would in any case suggest that the broadcasters take a bold new look at Sunday and turn it upside down.

As for those entertainment shows with the word "premiere" tacked on to them, they are indistinguishable from the fare dished out for our purported diversion for the last ten seasons. A series on a comic household maid called *Hazel*; a series on comic cops called *Car 54, Where Are You?*; a series on hospital life called *Dr.*

Bus Stop; a series on anybody called *Bus Stop*. What on earth made the planners and producers of these filmed concoctions think that they were new or different or better, or in any way added to the dimension of television or the experience of the viewer? And what of the really talented people, like Steve Allen? His first show after a season's absence was sprawling and primitive nonsense, and one can only hope that he knew it. So now we wait for *David Brinkley's Journal* on NBC; it had better be good. Meanwhile, let daytime reviewers rejoice that Harry Reasoner and Mary Fickett bring humor, grace, and intelligence to *Calendar* at ten every morning on CBS. Somebody there figured out that women are people.

IBSEN figured that out too, long ago. Much of the shock has gone out of *Ghosts* since the doctors learned how to cure syphilis, but in David Ross's good off-Broadway production the fire in Mrs. Alving has by no means gone out. Her outcry, in Leueen MacGrath's tense and ardent voice, against the hypocrisies of church and society, against the prison both had built around woman, still has the power to move. So, too, has the language Ibsen gave his characters; strong and clear, with a formality that gave feeling bounds against which it could strain. There is a world of difference between language and talk—the same distinction that exists between a Chipendale chair and a block of wood.

IF *Purlie Victorious* closes by the time you read this, it is for reasons that in no way diminish the talent of Ossie Davis, who both wrote this comedy and played its lead; he gave it all the prancing lines and glancing laughs that make up its better moments. But the play is by a Negro and about Negroes and whites, and many whites—even though they hear it is a rollicking swipe at all the

clichés of race and in no way somber or shocking—will not want to see it.

Whites now know that they cannot laugh at Negroes, but they cannot really laugh *with* them either. They are caught both ways, and the discomfort is too acute to be deliberately sought after. Ossie Davis can laugh at Old White Cap'n and his bull whip, and groveling Negroes and turbaned mammies and illiterate maids, and it is splendid that he can. To many white people, however, this is less an entertainment than a lesson, learned through the mind and not yet through the heart.

Can't humor pierce this wall as well as anything? To a certain extent, of course. But something more is needed, and I still believe it is in the confrontation of a certain kind of Negro life and character—urban, educated, and complex—with which the white can identify himself. The Negro, in short, must be his equal on stage as well as off, and if possible—because of the burden the Negro bears—his superior.

IN THE MUSICAL *Sail Away*, Noël Coward has done three notable things: He has given Elaine Stritch the role of a cruise hostess which allows her marvelous comedy sense and rangy charm full rein; he has expressed what most of us feel about the rest of us abroad in "Why Do the Wrong People Travel?"; and he has drenched with his finest brand of venom what all but American parents think of American children in a savage romp called "The Little Ones' ABC."

The fun in this otherwise undistinguished confection is mostly recognitive. Who has not known the horrible chaos of embarkation, the depressing passengers, the underfoot brats and their yanking mothers, the sun-deck languors, the tourist baits, and—always—the desperate gaiety of a Mimi Paragon—hostess, shepherdess, mentor, stimulant, and—in this case at least—object of love?

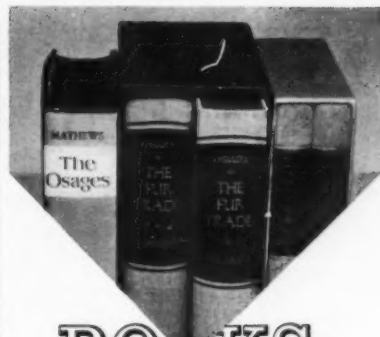


Instant Laughter

NAT HENTOFF

COMEDIANS are finding in records a quick and often lucrative substitute for what used to be a long apprentice period in small neighborhood clubs, summer resorts, and stag dinners. With a moderately successful album, a young comic can now leap onto the circuit of arch supper clubs that includes New York's Blue Angel, San Francisco's hungry i, and Mr. Kelly's in Chicago. In time, if the records keep selling, he may leave the night clubs for a more profitable "concert" tour, usually in company with a group of citybilly folk singers who soften work songs with bright smiles. On a plateau beyond the concert level is the Broadway theater; Mike Nichols and Elaine May reached it last season, and Mort Sahl is about to make a second attempt in January. Evidence of acceptance by the mass audience of record buyers can also help a comedian get into television; Bob Newhart has his own weekly show this season for NBC on Wednesday nights.

DESPITE the expanding market for young social satirists, not many of the records they have made can be even faintly recommended for adult consumers. Those looking for political irreverence will find little that can warrant a second turn on the machine. Mort Sahl has apparently been thrown badly off balance by the sight of his friends in power (*The New Frontier*, Reprise 5002), and sorely misses Mr. Eisenhower. Bob Newhart, Shelley Berman, and Jonathan Winters avoid politics altogether except in carefully peripheral sorties, and Lenny Bruce seems to have worked himself entirely out of the realm of political satire into that of vintage anarchism. No American satirist, in fact, comes close to the British company of *Beyond the Fringe*, which is equally savage—and funny—in its caricatures of Prime Minister Macmillan and



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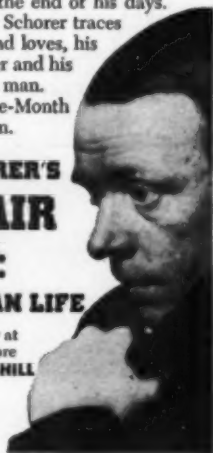
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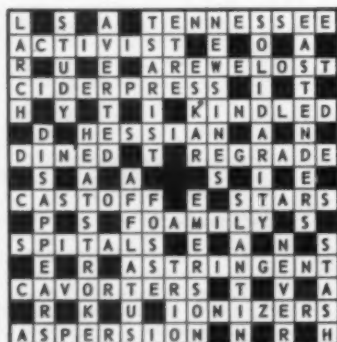
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African nationalist leaders. The album of *Beyond the Fringe* (Parlophone 1145) can only be ordered through an English bookshop or through specialty record shops that import, but it is worth the trouble.

IN COMPARISON with the British guerrillas, our repertory troupes of deflators of public personages are distinctly bland. Two are now on record—the highly praised *Comedy from the Second City* (Mercury OCM 2201) and *The Premise* (Vanguard 9092). The former, alas, is not nearly so provocative on record as on stage. In its current Broadway run, *Second City* excels the semi-improvisers at the Premise in Greenwich Village in consistency and pungency of style. The latter troupe, however, is the more successful so far in album form. The Premise's impression of the Susskind-Khrushchev confrontation makes one regret that they had not had an opportunity to prepare a version of the recent bibulous Susskind seminar on Frank Sinatra and the "rat pack."

One *Second City* performer is superb on record. Severn Darden (*The Sound of My Own Voice and Other Noises*, Mercury OCM 2202) reveals himself to be an uncommonly learned young man who can construct hilarious non sequiturs that juggle references to pre-Socratic philosophers and quantum mechanics. Darden's most brilliant invention in his first album is a lecture on free will and necessity, "or what would have happened to Oedipus if he had read the book before going on the journey."

Somewhat less intellectual than Mr. Darden but no less fanciful are two Canadian comedians, Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster. They have collected twenty-two of their calmly mad interviews for ABC Radio's *Flair in Selected Short Subjects* (Columbia CL 1636). While not all are as risible as their creators intended, at least half may still seem funny to a host when he inflicts them on a captive audience of guests late in the evening. There is, for instance, an interview with a vampire who is aggrieved at the public image of his species: "We vampires are fun-loving people. . . . In a free world we can all be friends."

Louis Nye, a graduate of Steve

Allen's television stock company for second bananas, is nearly as unpredictable as Wayne and Shuster. Despite its title, *Here's Nye in Your Eye* (United Artists UAL 4089) is considerably above average, particularly for its portrait of a sentimental Jewish newscaster who can barely get through the day's dispatches without breaking down ("Have you heard what happened to the Staten Island ferry in the fog this morning? I can't talk about it").

Another comedian who first gained a reputation on television and then tried records is Pat Harrington, the Guido Panzini of the Jack Paar show. Harrington is the only young comic—except for the totally *déboutonné* Lenny Bruce—who is occasionally brave enough to try dialect routines, and he is a master of that controversial art (*Some Like It Hip*, United Artists UAL 4088). Harrington can also be surprisingly acidulous, as in his role of an anti-Catholic delegate to the 1960 Democratic convention. ("Men, if you want to make love to your wife more than seven times a month, you won't vote for Kennedy.") Mr. Harrington is quite diffuse in style, but he has a cold intelligence along with considerable technical skills, and he is certainly a man to watch—or rather, listen for.

THE ONE COMIC whose best material takes at least several hearings to pall—partly because it takes quite a while for the shock to wear off—is Lenny Bruce. Bruce's blistering style is somewhat inhibited when compressed into an album; many of the Yiddishisms and the more explicit argot of the streets are omitted, but his fierce singularity does come through clearly. In *Togetherness*, subtitled *I'm Not a Nut, Elect Me* (Fantasy 7007), Bruce includes his remarkable account of a third-rate comedian's disastrous odyssey into a "class" booking at London's Palladium, and in the process he provides a detailed primer of backstage terminology and tensions in an amazing range of idiomatic accents.

Although few of these packages of instant laughter are worth sampling a second time at \$4.98, they still are less traumatic than a night-club check—even if you have to mix your own whiskey sour.

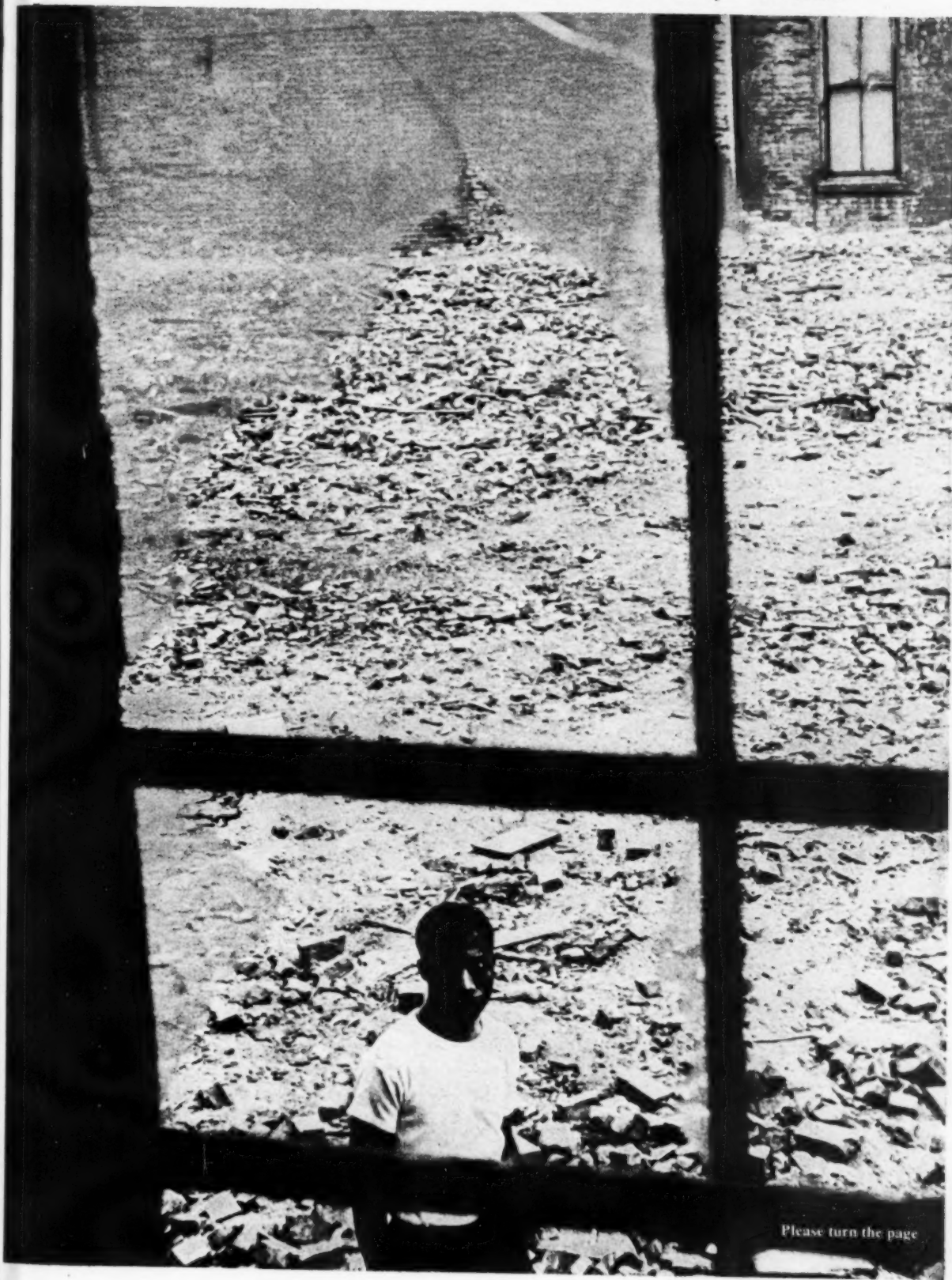
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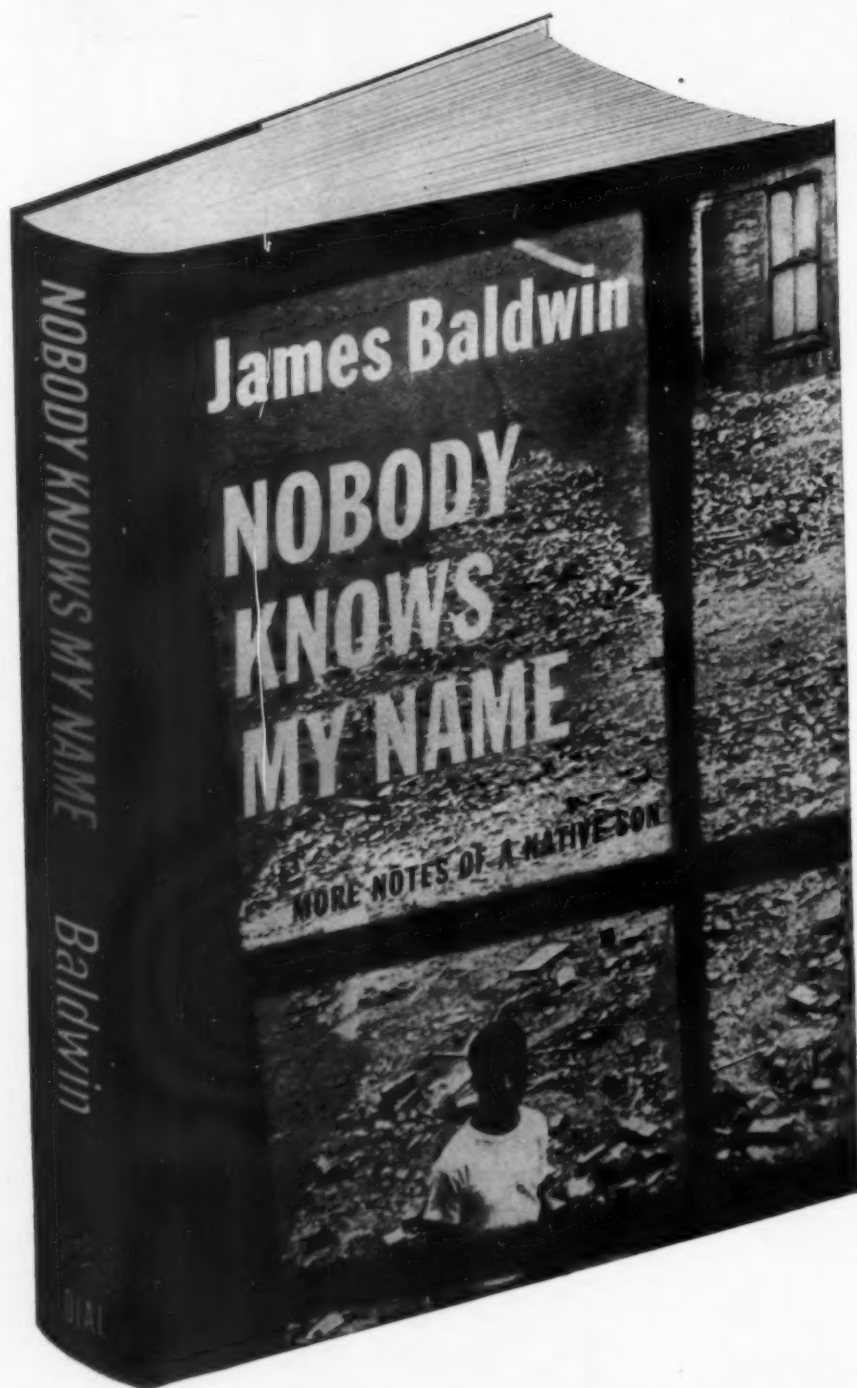
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The New Gentility

KENNETH S. LYNN

LASCADIO HEARN, by Elizabeth Stevenson. Macmillan. \$6.95.

There was a time when lady biographers, like William Dean Howells, were concerned with the smiling aspects of life. To borrow André Gide's brilliantly unfair criticism of the fiction of Henry James, their works were "only winged busts"; all the weight of flesh was absent, "all the shaggy, tangled undergrowth, all the wild darkness." The careers they recorded were meant to provide inspiration to readers in quest of an ethical ideal, and their biographical emphasis was made accordingly.

Nowadays things are worse. The old gentility is dead, happily enough, but a new breed of lady biographer—generally recognizable by her trinomial literary signature—has replaced it with an even more suffocating approach to human behavior. These writers have no hesitation whatsoever about plunging us into the shaggy, tangled undergrowth of famous lives. Nothing is sacred, least of all the profane. Colorfully and candidly, with all the flair for the dramatic of a good reporter, they give us all the news that's fit to print. All, that is, with one large area of exception. When it comes to dealing with the life of the mind, they are prudes. They dread having to confront an idea.

When the subject of a biography happens to be a writer or a scientist or a philosopher, an intellectual of any sort, you might think that the new gentility would create a serious problem for the author. For if it is unthinkable that the lady biographer discuss the intellectual's intellect, what is there left to talk about? (Not all trinomialists can be as fortunate in their choice of material as Doris Langley Moore, who in *The Late Lord Byron* can confidently skim through the question of the poet's artistic achievement because there are so many other things to mention.) As it turns out, the prob-

lem is simple: the lady biographer blithely supplies her intellectual with an active, colorful life, whether he had one or not. Otherwise, why write about him?

THUS CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN in the foreword to her *Yankee from Olympus* announces that the primary significance of Justice Holmes's life did not lie, as we have always thought, in his "legal achievements" or his "written words." No, "Holmes's greatness lay most of all in his manner of meeting life." What she will celebrate is the Justice's *real* genius, i.e., his "genius for living," and she goes on from there to serve us generous slices of cold roast Boston—a particular specialty with lady biographers—by way of background material; to report with unflinching realism Holmes's Civil War experiences; and then, with the principal resources of external drama exhausted, to "dramatize" Holmes's courtroom opinions and his other legal writings as a series of battlefield charges against the enemy, thereby investing the quiet, meditative life of a judge with all the panache of a military commander's. "Life is action and passion," Holmes said once, and his biographer never lets us forget it.

Louise Hall Tharp also knows how to soup up sedentary lives, even Julia Ward Howe's, even the Peabody sisters'. In her latest effort, *Adventurous Alliance*, a study of Louis Agassiz and his American wife, we are told all we want to know, possibly even more, about the sensational charges of avarice and adultery leveled against Agassiz by a disgruntled assistant, much to the horror of Boston society; but aside from becoming vaguely aware that relations between Agassiz and some of his scientific colleagues at Harvard were somewhat strained in his later years, we are given no sense of what it cost Agassiz in mind and spirit and pro-

fessional reputation to lead the hopeless fight against Darwinism in America. To Mrs. Tharp, surveying the bricks-and-mortar reality of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, which he built, and the membership list of the Saturday Club, where he sat at the head of the table, Agassiz's was a life of triumphant activity. That his career was also one of the great tragedies of mind in nineteenth-century America is never even suggested.

Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Tharp have been working their colorful magic for a good many years now, but lately a new member has turned up in the sorority house who bids fair to becoming the next queenpin, even though she is only binomial. Since 1949, Elizabeth Stevenson has given us three books, *The Crooked Corridor: A Study of Henry James*; *Henry Adams: A Biography*; and now *Lascadio Hearn*.

THE JAMES BOOK, written in a muscular prose which occasionally suggested that it was Theodore Roosevelt who wrote *The Ambassadors*, did at least make an attempt at an analysis of James's major works. But in the book on Adams, Miss Stevenson really came into her own. Although she did not embroider on the facts of Adams's contemplative existence—Miss Stevenson, like the great majority of her older sorority sisters, is far too scrupulous a reporter for that kind of hocus-pocus—the language in which she described the facts utterly transformed the quality of his life. With a stylistic recklessness that went far beyond her energization of Henry James's career, she called on the imagery of war and natural disasters, of weight and motion, of the boxing ring and the bull ring, to sensationalize a lifetime of detached and ironic observation. The products of Adams's mind, his histories, his novels, his *Education*, are not so much assessed for what they are as they are ransacked for their own high-velocity imagery in order to lend further excitement to the biographical narrative. By an uncanny process of vulgarization and externalization, dangerous thoughts are made to seem the shadows of dangerous behavior, and Henry Adams turns into a movie version of the suave inter-

national scholar-diplomat as played by George Sanders.

As a scorner of the academic mind, Adams would undoubtedly be delighted to know that a group of scholars at Columbia University, apparently in gratitude to Miss Stevenson for at last making available to them a difficult and complex intelligence, awarded her book the Bancroft Prize for "distinguished writings in America history."

Her newest book, *Lafcadio Hearn*, has not called for a comparable ingenuity, because Hearn's life was not without a certain raffish glamour and Miss Stevenson is very good at evoking it. Born in 1850 to a Greek mother and an Anglo-Irish father, he was educated in Ireland, England, and France. All through his childhood he was led to believe he would someday come into a rich inheritance. Perhaps money would make up for the childhood accident in which he had lost an eye and which had left his face a shocking sight. But by the end of his teens his great expectations had vanished and he came to America. Hired by a Cincinnati newspaper, Hearn quickly achieved a local reputation for his stories of the riverfront and Negroes, prostitutes, and criminals who haunted it. Their lives had a gorgeous freedom that strongly attracted him. After a time, he married a mulatto. While the marriage did not last long, it expressed a sexual taste that persisted. Drifting on to New Orleans, he became something of an expert on Creole culture and began to write fiction—not so much stories as literary impressions—of the polyglot life of the city. Still in quest of the exotic, he next became a correspondent in the French West Indies, then went to Japan in 1890 as a writer for *Harper's Magazine*. As he did with almost everyone, he quarreled with his editors soon enough, yet he preferred to stay on in Japan as a schoolteacher, first in provincial cities and then in Tokyo at the Imperial University, rather than return to America. He married a Japanese woman, was adopted into her Samurai family, and when he died was buried in Tokyo under a gravestone marked with his Japanese name, Koizumi Yakumo.

What is the meaning of this strange life? Miss Stevenson tells a

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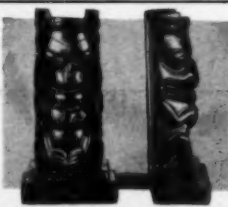
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bizarre story well, but she never asks that question. Nor does she speculate on why the Japanese made Koizumi Yakumo the saint of an enduring cult. Nor does she tell us what we in this country might find of significance in his books, if we would only read them, or about the interesting experimentalism of his style.

The real Hearn is the writer whom Gilberto Freyre has praised in his masterful study of Brazilian civilization, *The Masters and the Slaves*, for his brilliant insights into the mestizo personality; whom the Japanese venerate for the intensity of his love for all that was medieval about Japan, all the old folk tales, all that was mysterious and beautiful and quiet, all the qualities that Japan was losing in its hell-bent drive toward industrialization and conquest; whom we Americans ignore because in our scientific folly we think the peoples of the world are to be understood by logic.

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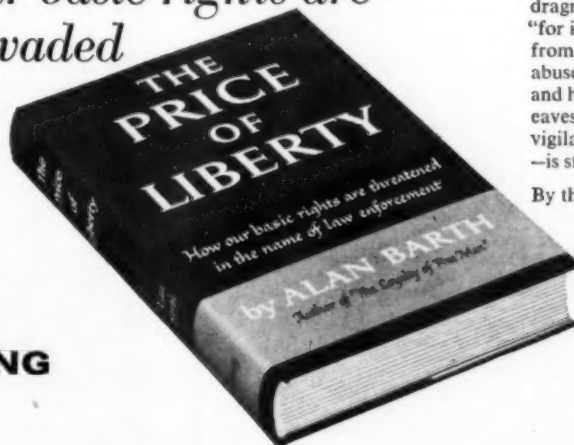
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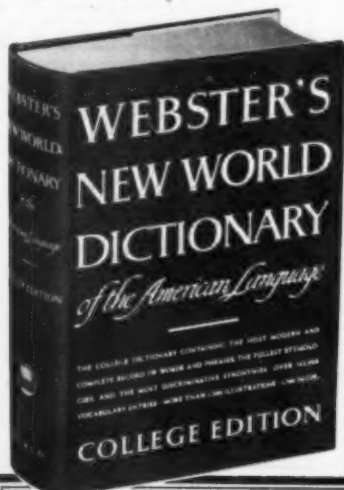
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movement became a total-abstinence prohibition movement.

At the turn of the century Mrs. Nation (whose first husband had been a sot) could chop away at Kansas saloons with relative impunity: since Kansas had adopted a prohibition amendment to its constitution in 1880, the authorities would have had to acknowledge the existence of illegal establishments in order to arrest her. Nonetheless, the crusaders persisted, and when Prohibition became nation-wide, corruption became nation-wide. With barely a murmur the custodians of American democracy sold their honor for gangsters' money, indeed, fought for the right to do so. Had the unsuccessful experiment been concluded with reasonable dispatch, the effects might have been minimized. But it went on for fourteen years, and by the end of that period permanent changes had taken place in the nature of American governance. An organized and armed economic interest, representing for the most part new elements in the population, had become a common phenomenon. Writing a quarter century later, Professor Alexander Heard notes that "A theory, shared by many, places the underworld at the base of the American political system."

Surely no subject of comparable importance in American political history has been so studiously ignored by American scholars. Newspapers have tried from time to time to describe what went on (and what is still going on), but much of their work has been deliberately trashy and even the best has been filled with material that sells newspapers but hardly adds up to a book.

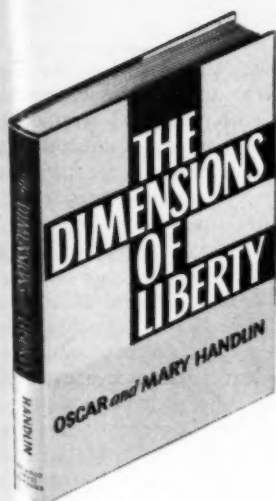
THE PRESENT WORK, by an English journalist, is the best of the genre. The author is vastly more literate than the run of crime reporters, and as a foreigner is more easily aware that Prohibition was an event of profound and lasting importance to American society. The book is marred by a total lack of documentation and a profusion of small inaccuracies—e.g., the notorious Paul Kelly (né Vaccarelli) is described as an "Irish thug" and Eliot Ness is erroneously depicted as an FBI man. But the basic fault is that this is a work of romanticism. As a youth

the author was stirred by the experience of sitting in Al Capone's armored Cadillac, then being exhibited in an English circus. The result is a book about the "bizarrely desperate" adventures of the bootleggers of Chicago under the benign Republican administration of Big Bill Thompson.

As adventure it is a grand story. Formal government in Chicago appears to have succumbed almost completely to the underworld. But as a case history, Chicago is just not representative enough. Prohibition—which the city never wanted—intensified without necessarily changing its civic character.

What is needed is a study of Prohibition in a more normal setting, where reasonably strong civic institutions existed that the bootleggers corrupted but did not displace. (There may even have been cities that were not corrupted at all. That would be a subject worth studying.) The romantic view of the underworld barons has profoundly distorted our general understanding of organized illegality. The private government of crime is viewed as a pathology of egalitarian democracy rather than a disorder of an unregulated market place—despite the increasingly evident spread of racketeering into "legitimate" enterprises. Some years ago Murray Gurfein, a member of Thomas E. Dewey's rackets investigations staff, made such a point. "The racketeer," he wrote, "as a type is a natural evolutionary product of strict *laissez faire*. Society lays no restriction upon the number of middlemen who may enter a field. There is no challenge to the middleman to prove his economic usefulness: no certificate of convenience and necessity is asked or given. The parasitical racketeer, no more or less useful than many jobbers and wholesalers, personifies economic individualism in its farthest reach."

"We're big business without high hats," said Dion O'Banion. The violence of the Chicago mobs has obscured this fact, but this violence itself is probably no more representative than was the city. The author notes that the Prohibition-era gangster in Chicago was normally a second-generation American, "almost invariably a Sicilian, an Irishman or



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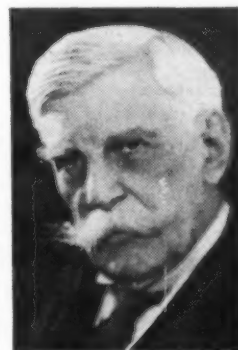
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a Jew." Each of these groups had a tradition of alienation from the formal governments of their native lands. When they took to fighting over the liquor trade (the gang wars were essentially Irish-Italian affairs), they used shotguns as naturally as State Street lawyers would have used proxies. Had either group been dominant, it is doubtful that there would have been as much murder. Here again, an accurate account of bootlegging in Atlanta, or Cincinnati, or Dallas might show quite a different picture.

But there is room for more than one book here, and much to be learned from an account of these Middle Western slum youths (most died very young) who captured the imagination of the world and profoundly influenced the twentieth-century image of American civilization. God knows they had style. When the real police arrived at the scene of the St. Valentine Day massacre (with exquisite appropriateness the murderers had dressed up as cops to make the Moran gang feel there was nothing to fear) Frank Gusenberg, with fourteen slugs in his body, was still breathing. "Who shot you?" asked Officer Sweeney. "Nobody shot me," said Gusenberg as the darkness gathered.

The Small Man On the Balcony

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MUSSOLINI, by Laura Fermi. University of Chicago. \$5.95.

While Mussolini lived, foreigners, and particularly Americans, viewed his activities and character with more and more admiration or more and more distaste in proportion to the affection they had for Italy and the Italian people. That affection and interest were—and are—very strong. Thus judgment from abroad tended to extremes.

Those of the trains-now-run-on-time school who believed that Mussolini had saved his country from the discouragement and chaos that fol-

lowed the hardships of the First World War and that he was providing it with renewed confidence, thought of him as a great innovator, even a great man. Those who with greater perspicacity foresaw that everything Mussolini wanted and did must inevitably lead to the moral disintegration of the national character and to the physical collapse of the Italian nation—ambition leading to ever greater folly of ambition, violence leading to ever greater violence—saw him as a great destroyer of civilized life, a great tyrant. There were those who, making the same mistake as they did in regard to Hitler, saw him only as a great joke. When humiliated, defeated, proved wrong, and dead, he hung upside down in the Milan square, with his unhappily devoted mistress upside down at his side, many saw that horrid image as a great and tragic one.

Laura Fermi's book removes the adjective "great" from the list of those that can ever again be applied to Mussolini. It is not that she has found, or claims to have found, startling new material; it is simply that looking back over the years—she left Italy in 1938 to follow her husband, the great physicist Enrico Fermi, on the strange voyage that led to the discovery of the nuclear weapon—Mrs. Fermi can now see Mussolini in true perspective. Her quiet appraisal is immensely convincing.

All through history men have sought power, gained it, and lost it. "Humpty Dumpty" is not a tragic tale. There is nothing so extraordinary in the fact that a young Italian Socialist, possessing nothing but a smattering of painfully acquired half-ideas from a random, undisciplined reading of Nietzsche, perhaps, or Sorel, first opposed Italy's entrance into the First World War, then supported it; or that the revolutionary later turned nationalist. All through Europe there were many such characters. There is nothing unusual in the fact that such a young man made a political career for himself or that he failed in the end. All through Europe there were such men whose youthful revolutionism ended in stuffy or stale conservatism. What makes the story of Mussolini's Italy, and later of Germany, truly tragic is that these revolutionaries broke the pattern of the institutions they

First providence, ovator, o with that and did moral charac- pse of eading bition, er vio- stroyer There e same ard to joke. proved upside with his upside at hor- ic one. ves the list of applied she has found, simply ars—she hus- Enrico that led r weap- Musso- r quiet wincing. n have lost it. a tragic traordi- Italian g but a red half- disciplined aps, or entrance en sup- ationary through ch char- usual in an made or that through n whose ded in n. What i's Italy, a tragic is broke the ns they

wanted to conquer, so that in a way they remained revolutionaries, but revolutionaries for the sake of their own aimless revolutions, of their own selves, which is about the same. Mussolini and Hitler, unlike a number of radical politicians all over Europe at the turn of the century, did not become conservative: they imposed their own revolutionary tyranny on their countries. It thus became possible for Mussolini to acquire the powers through which every aberration of his, every vacillation of purpose, every whim, every vanity was directly transformed into action, made one of the series of erratic, utterly personal decisions that brought about his country's downfall and—almost irrelevantly—his own.

Irrelevantly, because toward the end his country was left to struggle and suffer alone. When his German master sent him back to head the puppet régime of Salò, there was nothing he sought to save other than what he imagined was left of his own power. It was as if he had become a stranger to the great majority of his people, some miserable foreign failure who had been sent in by his country's enemies.

There was no greatness in the final phase of his rule just as there was no greatness in him at any time of his life: only an amazing combination of accidents, other people's weaknesses, plus a sort of dilettante skill in concocting a new ceremonial of power, new ways of exercising power. The element of newness was invariably copied from somebody else, from D'Annunzio to the theorists of syndicalism, and refashioned in a cheap papier-mâché version. Yet he got away with it for quite a number of years; and what makes Mrs. Fermi's book so striking is that it shows how this utterly mediocre man could simulate greatness and be taken seriously in his own country and abroad while he himself was all the time somewhat scared, like an impostor who is afraid the sheriff may be coming at any moment. This extraordinary career, made so particularly because of the inner poverty of the protagonist and the suffering that its end brought to the Italian nation, seems even more incredible after one has read all the details provided by Mrs. Fermi. Yet the infinitely depressing story is well told, and true.

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